

THE FIELD AFAR



ON THE WEST RIVER—THE HUDSON OF CHINA

MARYKNOLL N.Y.

JANUARY - 1924

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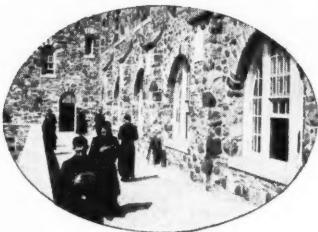
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THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XVIII, No. 1. Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.,
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized November 21, 1921.

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From the Hills and Vales of China.



THE YEUNGKONG CONVENT.

Towering above the village roofs, significant of the "indefinable change in the Catholic life of Yeungkong."

From the Yeungkong Pastor, Fr. Ford.

I HAVE been rather silent about the Sisters at Yeungkong and have been trying to analyze just why. I think it is because they are as much Maryknoll as we men are and praising them would be akin to lauding ourselves. Then, again, the work that Sisters do is not spectacular; and so regularly efficient that we are not thrilled by it.

You, however, at Maryknoll, who have depended so much on the Sisters from the very start, can appreciate what their presence means to Yeungkong. It may seem like a rash statement, but I think it is true, that there is very little future for any mission that has not Sisters working there.

Critics have sometimes objected to missionary work in China: that it is not efficient; that we have very little to show for the three centuries of evangelization; that a generation is converted only to die out leaving but little impress on the next generation; that starting with the small beginnings of past centuries we should be merely natural increase have trebled our Catholic population, instead of which we find old Christianities barely subsisting without vigor; that the consoling conversions recorded yearly in China within the past decade are the main strength of the Catholic Church in China; that we have not yet succeeded in establishing a permanent Chinese Church.

These are serious objections and I confess they seem to me true enough to demand explanation. Of course, we can always answer that there is leakage the world over; that our Chinese Catholics compare favorably with Christians in any country; that China

has produced its martyrs and priests, two good tests of fecundity; that the field in China is vaster than even missionaries themselves can vision and the battalion of missionaries has been fighting against legions, not to mention bitter persecutions. We can even produce less negative evidence in the 225,000 pupils in our Catholic schools which is a big step towards stability.

But to face the problem squarely, we must admit a serious defect in our system of evangelization and it is this: until recent times we had very few Sisters in China and our work among both pagans and Christians was lopsided; our neglect of the women followed along and aggravated the traditional apathy of the Chinese themselves for the welfare of their women.

Chinese women have never been debased to the level of orientals of the Near East or India, but their place in the home is subsidiary, and their influence on the family lessened. Catholic missionaries of former times have, perchance, concentrated on the conversion of the men and diminished still more the rôle that women might have played in a Christian family. It was not unusual even in the present decade to find a village of a hundred Catholic men and but two or three Catholic women. The fault lay not in the missionaries but between rigid Chinese etiquette and the absence of Catholic Sisters.

The Catholic Church in China is only now beginning to appreciate the Mother of the home, and Catholic Chinese women can now chant their "Magnificat," not in the spirit of the new woman but the realization of their motherhood; they are entering on to their duties as mothers, into their

new rights as Christian mothers to safeguard their children. This is the work of the Sisters.

There has been an indefinable change in the Catholic life of our Christians at Yeungkong. Formerly the men only came to church—in which, by the way, they can set an example to more sophisticated Westerners; then the boys came after we started the schools. The services were virile with the roughness, somewhat, of a lumber camp. Outside of meal time, the men and women did not meet on common ground; the men and boys came to Mass, the women continued worshiping the idols.

It is precisely here that the weakness of our attack lies. The worship of idols is left, nowadays, almost exclusively to the zeal of women, or at least, they are the backbone of idolatry; the men are more indifferent, content with superstitions on a minor scale or on special occasions. Had we won the women over to the true worship during the past three centuries, the Church would have a far more glorious tale to tell. In winning the men who are less stable and more easily converted, we built on a less solid foundation than that of the Christian family. Missionaries, of course, are not to be blamed for this; it was impossible for them to reach the women, and for the Sisters to come to China.

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THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924

But now that the Sisters are in China and in appreciable numbers, we may look for numerous examples of truly Christian families, a better instructed growing generation, a superior valuation of women on the part of Christians, and a gradual refinement of thought and action. This will not be accomplished overnight, but it is inevitable wherever Sisters work.

Festivities at Tungchen.

By Fr. Dietz

ON a certain morning in June, the Tungchen Mission awoke, as usual, to its snug routine amid the songs of the birds and the fragrance of flowers. The birds were mainly roosters, but that does not matter. Along came the mailman and into this peaceful scene injected an element of excitement. A letter from Bishop Gauthier stated that he intended paying us a visit at Tungchen. He would arrive in two weeks, if possible, and he would administer Confirmation.

Here was news indeed. A Bishop coming, and Bishop Gauthier at that! Once exploded, it spread far and wide on the wings of the breeze with the rapidity peculiar to rumor in a mouth-to-mouth country like China.

Two weeks seemed all too short a time to get ready. Tungchen is in the backwoods, at least one week each way from supply centers like Hongkong and Canton. Still, we should do our best. No Bishop had visited Tungchen in fifteen years; consequently,

most of our Christians were unConfirmed. Few of them had so much as seen a Bishop. Besides, here was a splendid opportunity to impress upon our pagan neighbors the dignity of the Church in general, and of a Bishop in particular!

To entertain so close a representative of the Holy Father is a rare privilege at any time, and the numerous details of preparation become a mere labor of love. This was particularly true in the present instance. Though Bishop Gauthier is not our Bishop, and, in visiting us, was acting for the newly-elected Bishop of Canton, Maryknollers have a special regard for him, both as a veteran trail-blazer of the Church in this region, and also as the guide and Guardian Angel of Maryknoll's first band of missionaries.

Fr. Toomey responded to our invitation and came a hard three-days' journey over the mountains from Loting. Bro. John laid aside his Chinese text now and then and took to reviewing the cook book, and in his spare moments prepared a throne for the sanctuary. Fr. Sweeney went shopping, and then, taking advantage of the high water, floated down to Kochow to meet the Bishop and escort him hither. It naturally devolved upon me to convene and catechise the Christians in view of Confirmation and to arrange the details of the reception.

Such is China that on the very day the Bishop was to arrive we knew not

Maryknoll Movies.

As announced in the December Number, Maryknoll is on the screen—the home section and a glimpse of the mission field—making a very interesting moving picture.

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for certain whether he would come. Tungchen has neither telegraph nor telephone. At noon, however, a post card that had got lost in the post office (!) turned up and informed us that the cortège was under way. A delegation, headed by Fr. Toomey and myself, set out at once to meet the Bishop and Fr. Sweeney at a ford (no, not WITH a Ford) about an hour down the road. It was SOME reception committee! As the Bishop's chair hove in view, there were twenty khaki-clad ex-bandits "at attention," and a gaudily arrayed native band struck up a *metesic* that would easily have drowned out a circus calliope. Strings of jumbo XXX firecrackers roared their welcome, and where the firecrackers were, there were boys also, and a-plenty. And grown-ups. The



AFTER MASS IN THE YEUNGKONG COMPOUND.

Aurca Xavier (at the right) marshaling forces. She is the first Yeungkong aspirant to the Maryknoll Sisters.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS SHARE IN MARYKNOLL MERITS.



A LEADING FAMILY OF TUNGCHEN.
"Among those present" at the reception for Bishop Gauthier.

Bishop "changed cars" here, getting into a mandarin chair with four instead of two bearers, as befitted his station. The march from this place to the mission was like a Roman triumph. First came the soldiers with bugle-blast—curiously enough, their commander, who was on horseback, did not lead, but followed. I am pretty sure his animal was meant to be a horse. Next came the powerful band, its red-and-gold costumes flashing brilliantly in the sun. It was stunning! The natural place for the boys was after the band. They would be there anyway. Then came the adults, a-foot and in chairs; and finally, in fitting climax, the conveyance of the Bishop. Understand, this was necessarily a goose-file procession. Along this road no two could walk abreast and avoid a mud-bath.

The entry into the town was the biggest thing Tungchen had witnessed in many and many a moon. Soldiers, a horse, bugles, a strident band, chairs, thundering fireworks! Preceding the Bishop's chair was a ten-foot string of popping, spluttering, booming fire-crackers snaked round a pole, and every ten yards or so the din was further augmented by a bundle of fire-crackers the size of a strawberry shortcake, till finally the town seemed afire, so dense was the fragrant smoke. It is safe to say that the whole market witnessed the procession. "Main

Street's" spacious six feet was reduced to a little over two, and every shop seemed full of craning necks. Half the town followed on into the compound.

Over the door of the chapel hung a Chinese flag of heroic dimensions. Preceded by the Bishop, the Christians entered the chapel to visit the Blessed Sacrament. In a short address, His Lordship expressed his appreciation of the welcome, and imparted his blessing. Meanwhile, a native orchestra had taken the place of the band and was manufacturing melody by the wholesale. We let them play a few selections near the house, and then invited them "to play down near the school, where they would be nearer the people"—and incidentally, farther from us, though it wouldn't have been good etiquette to add that; so we didn't. By this time. Bro. John had put the finishing touches to the dinner, and it did not take long for us to add our finishing touches to it. When the Brother cooks, there isn't much left over. His reputation is made now. He has a standing offer to become Bishop's chef.

About two hundred Christians were present. Considering that most people were busy just then harvesting their first crop of rice after being on the verge of famine, it was a generous turnout. Most of them were anxious to return home as soon as possible; for which reason we had fireworks the

first night instead of the second. The skyrockets and nigger-chasers were a tremendous success. At any rate, one man got his hands burnt, and a boy his calf.

Next morning, the Bishop officiated at the first Mass, preached an instructive sermon, and administered Confirmation to one hundred two persons, who will long cherish the memory of this day. With the exception of the cooks, who had urgent business, everyone stayed for the two Masses that followed. Then, amid another thunder of firecrackers, the congregation filed out of the chapel for mutual congratulations. There was happiness in every face.

A photograph was taken to commemorate the occasion. Taking this picture comprised two distinct operations—getting the stage set, and snapping the picture. The first required an hour's hard work in the hot sun; the second required one twenty-fifth of a second in the hot sun. Fr. Sweeney and I divided the work an equal fifty-fifty. He performed the first operation; I the second.

At noon, the catechists and teachers tendered His Lordship the usual banquet of fifteen courses—sharks' fins, lotus, etc. Of course, the Maryknollers came in for their share of the goodies. We were four: Frs. Sweeney and Toomey, Bro. John and myself. Bro. John did not seem to enjoy the "delicacies" overmuch, but then his specialty is not so much eating banquets as preparing them.

The day was brought to a fitting close by Episcopal Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament in the evening.

Looking back now, it is a question whether *entre nous* we entertained the Bishop or he us. The two evenings we had together, seated on the porch in the mellow light of Chinese lanterns, we listened to his reminiscences of the "old days" when he helped carry the standard of Christianity into what is today the Maryknoll Mission. In those days, the priest lay hid by day and traveled by night; was treated constantly to "foreign devil," and occasionally to a shower of stones; dressed and ate like the Chinese; and lived in

a native house in some obscure corner of a town. How different things are now! The foreigner has "face," and his life is safer than that of the majority of Chinese.

Among Americans, Bishop Gauthier is like an American. We found ourselves unconsciously substituting "Bishop" for the customary "Monseigneur," which seemed so distant; and he seemed to prefer it so.

We should have been happy to have the Bishop stay with us a few days longer, but he would not think of it. His episcopal motto is "In Journeyings Often," and that perhaps explains it. Early next morning, accompanied by Fr. Toomey and myself, he left for Kochow.

Sangs o' Sandy.

SHIFTS among the "Chinese Maryknollers" have been the order of the day, recently; and, among others, Fr. Cairns and also Fr. Taggart have been assigned to "pastorates." It is Fr. Cairns who writes of his new home:

It is on the water, and the river-boat life activities can be seen from the porch of my brick dwelling. The compound is small. The chapel, in one of the ground floor rooms, is not too well furnished; but it has the essentials for Mass, and, what is more important, it has a tabernacle from which radiates Love from Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

The wee garden is being planted with flowers for the altar and vegetables for the table.

We have three Catholics in the walled city, and about two hundred in the Fachow district containing two hundred thousand people.

A U-TO-ME IDEA

U—that's **YOU**—a parish priest perhaps, or the head of a school, a hospital, a sodality, or other society; and **ME**—that is some struggling missioner.

The idea is simply that some very big problems could be easily solved, if organizations in the home-land could father or mother some kindred work, however small, in the mission field. Will you?

MAKE A NEW

Filming a Crop.
[Scene: A village in Kwaungtung Province.]



Maryknoll Films are now ready.

A BUNKING AND A JUNKING.
In the evening by the moonlight
We five Knollers go a-junking,
It's a braw nicht an' bricht moonlicht,
Sandy's on the deck a-bunking.
I wish the auld foulks could enjoy it,
We must sit all nicht an' listen
Tae sic beastly fowl-ly noises, in the
moonlicht.

A grunt—a squeal!
Yon pigs are real.
My! Trav'ling goats
Hae lusty throats.
For fear I'd sleep
The chicks "peep, peep."
Baith ducks and geese
Disturb the peace.
Hoo hens can cluck!
(Sleep's oot o'luck.)
Strong roosters crew
The whole nicht through.

Frae bamboo crate sounds emanate
Frae fowl an' beast.
The live junk freight does no abate
When nicht has ceased.
We love (or hate) the noise—it's great
(It's noo increased).
'Tis shair as fate, we'll no sleep late
Or nun or priest.

Written on a cigar box (mission traveling desk) amidst a thousand unpoetic, indescribable smells, aboard a nameless junk which is bringing two Maryknoll priests and three Maryknoll Sisters from Yeungkong to Kongmoon, on the way to Hongkong for the retreat.

Through the Hongkong Procure.

FOR the Maryknollers in China, a little sheet is mimeographed every month and sent out from Hongkong. A recent copy of this interesting little messenger contains the following items:

MARYKNOLL-IN-SOUTH-CHINA:

Fr. Ford, at Yeungkong, is alone but not lonely, as the town is surrounded by 1,500 bandits, with but 500 soldiers defending it; thus both compounds are filled with refugees. He will probably not get down for Bishop Fourquet's consecration. He sends the startling news that the gallant junk *Fuk Tai*, the same that brought back most of the Sisters and Ye Proc (the procurator), sank the very next trip from Yeungkong, with all hands on board. It was filled with merchants and their families fleeing from Yeungkong. Had we waited over to see Fr. Ford, as had been our desire, we would probably not now be writing these lines. The

YEAR'S RESOLUTION TO SAY

The Audience Survived
although the playlet was written by a Maryknoll student, and acted by himself and four confederates.

A learned Doctor present even declared that, in this case, the play was most certainly the thing and should be made known to all Catholic schools looking for something really worthwhile.

Fengshui

is the title; or, if you don't speak Chinese, "The Spirit of the River." The plot is new and interesting. The setting is simple. The acts are two. A year passes during the play, but the audience doesn't mind. A cast of five can perpetrate the deed.

Why not try it for your next school or club playlet? Fifteen cents will bring you a copy postpaid.

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Maryknoll Sisters and Ye Proc unite in thanking God for His guiding them safely home on what seemed an ordinary little trip, but which was visited by typhoon, and other risks of which we then had no ken.

Fr. Meyer says that Kochow Mission School is now running at full swing, in what was formerly the Civil Mandarin's Yamen (a walled estate); and that the Fachow Mission will soon be having the Fachow Yamen for its playground. This opportunity at Kochow was a Godsend, if the title will hold, as the mission there had no way of expanding except by payment of an absurdly large sum for a neighboring field. Fr. Sweeney and Bro. John have visited the former's headquarters at Samcheung—only three hours on train and another on motor-boat from Kong-moon. However, the mission is *pas fameuse*, being chiefly under water, and not much of it at that; and Fr. Sweeney says, "Just tell 'em I want Ten Thousand to put my submarine on stilts."

Fr. Ford again heard from. This time states there are four thousand bandits, in two rival armies, hemming in the city. The refugees' statements show that these bandits have been unusually cruel, and trouble is apparently in store for Yeungkong. However, Fr. Ford is personally conducting five classes a day; so it looks as though the other schools have all come over, in a body, to the Yeungkong St. Thomas'.

The Loting diary has just come through, and shows that Fr. McShane well knows how to get something done in China—for he is doing it himself. Wonder if the objecting neighbor is the same one that Fr. J. E. W. caught stealing his roof beams.

MARYKNOLL - IN - HONGKONG:

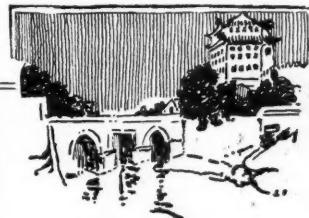
Retreat was the big thing this last fortnight—Fr. Morning arriving on the fifth, and starting in immediately. Everybody was on deck, and we had a good retreat, although the weather was very hot and sleep was so difficult at night that the lectures were used as substitutes. During retreat, our Procure mortgage was foreclosed; but Maryknoll has come to the rescue and a check is on the way. We shouldn't like to move four times in the year!

Our Sisters finished their ten days' retreat yesterday, which they state was a wonderful success. The two Sisters who had been taking prophylactic treatment at the French Hospital came back in time to finish with the others.

Ye Proc winged it up to Canton Saturday night (and back Sunday) to represent Maryknoll officially at Bishop Fourquet's consecration. The affair was a great success, especially well attended, but struck one of the hottest days this summer. Speeches were made, mostly in French and Latin, so that it was necessary to make a few remarks in the language of trade—and Tammany Hall. Frs. Cairns and Fitzgerald completed the Maryknoll delegation at the consecration and dinner. America was officially represented by Mr. Jenkins, the consul-general at Canton, a South Ca'linian, and Commodore Lovett, captain of the Good Tub Pam-panga.

CHINA:

Fr. Malotto, the Italian priest who has been in the hands of the bandits for three months, has died a martyr to the cause. Despairing of obtaining ransom (the payment of which would have made every missioner in China an easy bread-ticket for those scoundrels), the bandit chief shot him in the abdomen, after announcing that he was to be released. R.I.P. Let us hope Mussolini will act in characteristic style in this affair.



A PRINCE OF LOGS!

If you are not interested in foreign missions, is it not about time you began to ask yourself why you call yourself a Catholic rather than anything else, and began to rub up your Greek and theology to find out exactly what Catholicity means?

Observations in the Orient, if read in a sympathetic way by any one who is in earnest about the foreign mission work of the Catholic Church, will be found entertaining, instructive, and even inspiring. . . . It is a prince of log books.

The volume is sumptuously brought out . . . with excellent paper and printing . . . and close on a hundred of the most skilfully selected and exquisitely reproduced photographs we remember ever to have seen in any book of travel. . . . It is an ideal book for Catholic schools to have on hand in large quantities against Prize Days. . . . We hope it will be much read.

—St. Joseph's Sheaf, Dublin.

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AFTER THE ANNUAL RETREAT AT HONGKONG.

Fr. Murray

Ex-Taoist

Fr. Sweeney *Fr. O'Shea* *Bro. John*

Fr. Toomey *Fr. Sweeney* *Fr. O'Shea* *Fr. Bro. John*
Fr. Vogel *Fr. Morning, S.J.* *Fr. Pauthuis* *Fr. Wiscman*
Fr. Fitzgerald

Bro. Albert

From the Maryknoll Sisters in Kowloon (Hongkong).

THE daily life of American Sisters in China is a new experience to record, and we are pleased to give the benefit of it to our readers.

Fr. Paschang appeared at Mass time. Later he told us of Kochow possibilities, and there is always one feature—when they will be ready for the Sisters—that interests most.

A "traveling salesman"—a thirteen-year-old boy—with his pack across his back, found his way into our garden. He insisted on showing his brass and cloisonné ware and wanted to *take a slice with missee*. Missee was too busy, and anyhow, he clung too tenaciously to his top-notch prices to be considered.

Typhoon winds kept things moving all morning, and, at noon, three cannon reports told that the typhoon had arrived in Hongkong instead of circling close by as had been its custom.

One lives in the "catacombs"—shutters and windows closed—during such a period, but this gale was not terrific in Kowloon. The observatory reported a velocity of eighty-eight miles an hour.

The high wind broke one of our little trees, and it is with special grief we see a tree in Hongkong fall. They are so scarce and we are fortunate here in having not a few—large and small—in our garden and across the way from us. They are companions, in a sense, and the breeze through them often carries us back in spirit to Maryknoll-at-home.

The thrift of the Chinese showed up strongly because all the odds and ends of branches along the road and in the garden were picked up eagerly and spread out somewhere to dry for firewood; and the one—man or woman, young or old—who gathered the most sticks was the lucky one.

A general and whole-souled attack on China's prize cockroaches—black beetles—was inaugurated, and trails of the "kill-to-death" powder could be seen in every room. Something had

A strategic point is Seoul, the capital of Korea. If financially able, the Maryknoll Sisters will establish there a first-rate school for girls. Your contribution will have its weight in the scale.

to be done—either we or they were the possessors of number 40 and we hoped for victory.

Our neighbor has a victrola, and, apparently, all Chinese records. The joy it gives—not to us but to others—is evident. It even attracts the poor coolie women going home from their day's work carrying stones or earth, and they stand, their big sun hats under their arms, looking with awe, and the happiest expression on their worn faces. Our "Tin che po you" (God bless you!) brought only a smile. They know nothing of God and His blessing.

The typhoon winds had died down, but the gale was still considerable. We slipped out to Holy Rosary to Mass and had the church almost to ourselves.

The ferry did not run; so our food supply stayed on the Hongkong side while we were safely in Kowloon.

S.S. President McKinley, which had anchored in Kowloon Bay until the storm was over, came into port and brought a big party of United States Jesuits on their way to Manila, and welcome home mail. The Jesuits called and brought news of Maryknoll.

Our garden has a worried look. More trees have gone under and others are at angles. *The banana tree is no more.* (Yes?)

A real Chinese funeral, across the way, interested us. A temporary bamboo stairway had to be erected to the third floor because the corpse would bring bad luck to every doorway that it passed. The family was in white sackcloth and followed the priests who, with shaven heads and in silken robes,

chanted their prayers that the evil spirit might be appeased. Theoretically, one believes that she appreciates her faith; but, on occasions such as these, one knows that she is more thankful for it than for any other gift ever received.

United States mail at noon brought the welcome announcement of our China companions for 1923. There was no word that our Mother was coming; but, then, there was no word that she wasn't; and, therefore, we hoped on.

Some celebrated by a ferry trip to Shaukiwan, which gives a dip into a sampan harbor and a Chinese atmosphere which we hope may be ours when our new recruits take our places in Hongkong.

Holy Rosary requisitioned our chaplain, so we, too, had to find our way to the parish church in the early hours when no one is abroad except the poor coolie women with their ruffled hats and empty baskets, going out for their day's labor. How we wish to give them, as they stare at us in silence, the knowledge we possess of the God who loves them!

Fr. Paulhus arrived from Yeungkong for retreat and told of a junk about to return. Sister Paul, who had been trying to make the trip since February, decided to "get it over with," and so that day was particularly busy for her and for Sister Dolores. There were baskets to pack—food for going and coming, and supplies—but finally, about six, the departure took place. It seems quite natural now to go on a several days' trip with one's *amah*—we

Better a live mortgage than a dead missioner. But the Hongkong Sisters will be happy when nothing hangs over their heads but the roof. Will you help to keep the landlord from the door?

had a trim little one, spick and span with her handkerchief pinned to her side, who was looking in the window at four to see if we were ready—and a few baskets somewhere in advance or in the rear. However, one learns not to worry about baggage in China. If lost, it is sure to reappear somewhere, some time.

The junk for Yeungkong decided not to go Friday, as expected, and it was reported our Sisters were "sightseeing" up and down the one street in Pakkai until time for them to go to the Protestant Hospital, where they would spend the night.

A quiet Recollection Sunday, with nothing to disturb the peace but the call of the carpenter who was anxious to get cupboards in place on schedule time in order not to lose any money. Sunday had no meaning to him.

Word came from our travelers that their junk started "for good" on Sunday morning. All day Friday they were in Pakkai. Saturday afternoon, about three, a little sampan took them to the junk, but the hour of sailing—four—came and went, and left the junk standing in the drizzling rain and intense humidity. Sunday morning, however, the tug steamed up and they rolled along for about twenty minutes,



Our pretty arbor bowed its head to the ground.

only to anchor again in the delta before they made the final start.

The sunshine of yesterday gave place to more clouds and a high wind—an other typhoon on the way. But it came suddenly and terrifically. The signal indicated a gale from the north, but the cannon report of three distinct shots, which came before eight, indicated that the typhoon had struck. We would not have heeded the signal. Rain

came in such torrents that our well-built house was like a sieve. Doors and windows proved that they were not watertight, and drips from the ceiling kept everyone and every available mop in use. The north side was well provided for, when the wind took a rapid turn to the west and carried the rain with it. As we hurried from window to window, we saw our last few trees go down, the garden wall came too, and our pretty arbor bowed its head to the ground. The wind blew at a terrific velocity—one hundred thirty miles an hour—and rolled along our porch palms like balls. The mat sheds at the Indian barracks went with the breeze, and the goats followed suit—involuntarily. The Indians chased their pets and carried them back in their arms. Any unfortunates on the streets went at an unsteady pace, but much beyond the speed limit.

It was during Mass that we heard of the safe return of our travelers. Sister Paul appeared with Sisters Francis, Lawrence, Barbara, and Aurea Xavier. Fr. O'Shea offered his Mass in thanksgiving for the safe journey.

Before breakfast, the story of the return came. The party had left Yeungkong in the morning of a beautiful day, and the Sisters' cabin, on the junk, was "de luxe" because the ceiling was far



A PAGAN TEMPLE SPARED BY THE TYPHOON.

enough away to allow them to stand upright. That's a real luxury on a junk. With these accommodations, they did not mind if the deck was crowded with pigs and pigeons, and if there was nothing to do but to stay on the shelf. In turn they stuck their heads out of the square hole to make certain that the sky was blue and that the sun shone somewhere not too far distant. There were two shelves which served as tables for the soup, bread, and beans which had been brought from Hongkong for this homeward journey, and these shelves later served as beds for two. The other three found the floor not so bad because they had their mats and a block of camphor. During the night, the flashlight was passed around a few times to find just what was crawling under heads and over hands. Nothing was found, but really a rare bug is not uncommon on such a trip.

On arrival at Pakkai, the Sisters waited at the station for a train to Kongmoon. They were surrounded, as usual, but this is quite ordinary, and they comforted themselves that the train might come any moment. That is the beauty of trains in this section—there are no schedules. Ah Ye, the Yeungkong *amah* who was with the Sisters and who had never seen anything beyond Yeungkong and its harbor, opened her eyes wide at the idea of a train, and she asked all sorts of questions: Would she be dizzy? Would she get on?

Soon the Sisters heard that the train could not make another trip that night; also that the Hongkong boat, which usually waits for the train, had gone a half-hour before; so there was nothing for them to do but to make themselves at home here in Pakkai and continue to dream of the hot water and soap at No. 40. But this delay was providential because it kept them safe during the typhoon.

The next day, while our typhoon raged, they were on the steamer which was to take them the last lap of the journey, from Kongmoon to Hongkong. They watched the storm and enjoyed it. At lunch, they had their first piece of steak in ten months.

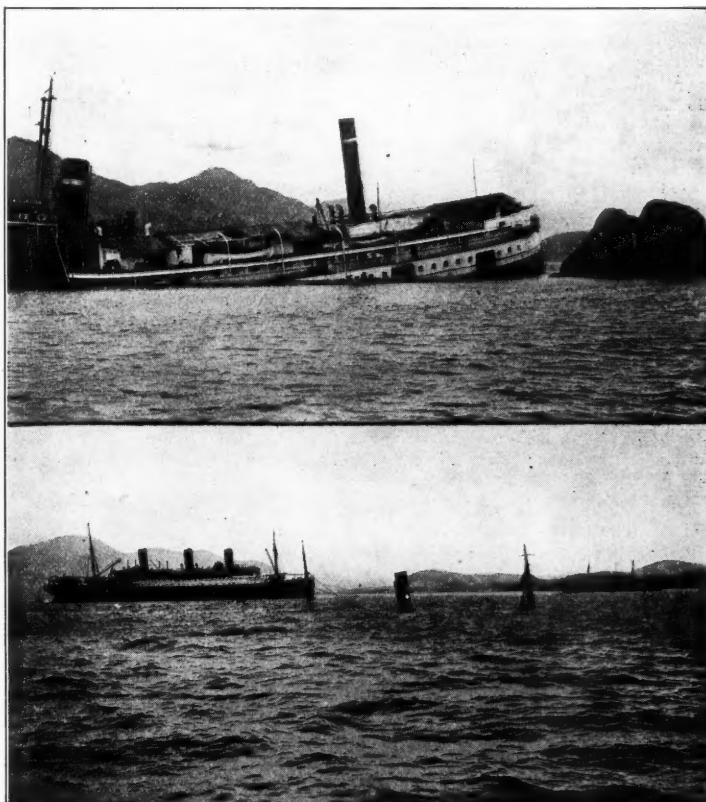
The trip to Hongkong was delayed, but it was only on arrival, at about four the next morning, when the boat poked around for a place to land, that they knew of the damage the typhoon had done here. In the harbor, they saw the funnel of the *Loonsang*—famous in O. O. as the boat on which Fr. Superior rocked from Hongkong to Manila—which had gone down, causing considerable loss of life. A red flag marked the spot where a submarine had sunk; but, in addition to these signs, débris was everywhere—bricks, signs, boards, and odds and ends of little rafts.

But after the story of the trip, things got down to normal, and we tried to fit everyone into place. There was the usual disorder—baskets to be unpacked and a general scrubbing of everything

that had been on the junk; everyone in everybody's way—but it was such a happy disorder, one to which we looked forward all year.

Of course, Yeungkong had the floor for the day, and we, of Hongkong, felt that we knew the missions a little better—and we went to chapel with but one desire burning in our hearts.

Today, Fr. O'Shea brought Fr. Ferguson, of the Irish Mission in Hanyang, to see us. He is on his way home to recuperate, but in his short visit we learned that South China had not a corner on bandits. He told us Fr. McHugh, whom we met in Shanghai, escaped from the bandits who had captured him, by means of a door used as a raft.



IN THE WAKE OF THE TYPHOON.
In the harbor, they saw the funnel of the "Loonsang" the boat on which
Fr. Superior rocked from Hongkong to Manila.

During our community Mass, Fr. Taggart slipped into the rear of the chapel, and, before the arrival of the rest of the family, he told some of the death of Sister Gertrude. Those who had been privileged to be at Yeungkong and to bear this cross can never forget the experience, and we shall remember to be grateful for the faith which makes us know that this is the will of Him who loves us with an infinite love. For all, there was a feeling of joy that it was granted to us to give to Him in a way that cost—and there was envy for the one whose privilege it was to give all in China, the land of souls.

A THIEF OF PARADISE.

ONE of the great spiritual joys experienced by Catholic Sisters in the foreign mission field is the satisfaction of baptizing dying infants, and, at times, adults.

Some Sisters have had to their credit thousands of souls regenerated through their ministrations—we know of one who counted twenty-five thousand—and they have looked forward confidently to being met in heaven by a small army of grateful clients.

The Maryknoll Sisters have already begun their count, and a recent letter from one of them reveals possibilities. This Sister writes:

A striking incident occurred one day, not so long ago.

When Sister M. was here, we went to the — Hospital. We climbed up the narrow street in the Chinese section, that bright afternoon, when the sun made the streets hot, but not so hot as the windowless work rooms where old and young made baskets, hammered iron, or sewed *saams*.

The hospital is public. It opens on a busy street which was crowded with fruit vendors and tousled-looking boys and girls, all of whom stopped to stare at these latest foreign "curios."

A bright little nurse, in her white uniform—a Chinese girl in training—came to the door to receive us and to guide us through the building. It is quite modern—tiled floors, fire-proof stairway, many windows, and bath-

rooms. To each room, with its white tiled floor and wall, she led us.

Down the hall, there was an English class in session—a training class of about ten nurses going through their thrills of English enunciation.

The patients, except one or two, who were in private rooms, were in a big, curtainless dormitory, and their beds were the Chinese kind—a board on horses, with a mat—and their pillow, the shiny "patent leather" block.

But I spoke of a striking incident. We were leaving the hospital and trying to forget the lack which modern equipment could not cover up and which was concentrated in those faces that told of Christless lives, when, just at the doorway, a disheveled-looking woman rushed up to us. She had in her arms a heavy boy of about nine, and the anguish in her face told the story of her need. When she saw the Sister, she stopped, breathless and perspiring, and held out her burden to her without a word. A glance told us that the child was dying. Without any excitement, Sister gently told the mother to move out of the sun, and, as she followed her across the courtyard, Sister's hand went down into her pocket for the bottle of holy water that is always there.

After speaking a word to the mother, her lips pronounced the formula for Baptism and a few drops of holy water trickled down the child's head. It was over in a moment. The attendant came and ordered the woman to the outer receiving room—but it was to the mortuary they went instead, because the child was dead.

The mother, crushed and heartbroken—for this was a boy—stood for a moment with tears streaming down her face, and then turned away to the recording desk. We waited. The mother saw only a loss. We realized that a soul had gone to God. Some one's prayer, some sacrifice—and we hoped it might have been a Maryknoll fruit—had won for this one, out of so many that crowded that one street, this signal grace. For him were the words: *This day thou shalt be with me in paradise.*

A Last Letter.

ALL except our latest friends will recall the announcement, a few months ago, of Sister Gertrude's death in Yeungkong, China. Sister Gertrude (Moore) was the first of the Maryknoll Sisters to die on the soil of China and she is buried in the little Catholic cemetery, outside the city wall, of Yeungkong.

Shortly before the news was cabled to New York, the Maryknoll Superior had received from Sister Gertrude the following letter, in which he is certain our readers will be interested:

I think that one of the things which has helped to keep us from being homesick, is the frequency of letters from Maryknoll. We hear in detail of all the changes that take place, and we feel as if we were only ten miles from home.

We seem very close to Fr. Price here. I always feel as if he were hovering about, just over the city, praying for us and for all the people. We often pray to him and ask his help.

Bishop Gauthier has been here since Saturday. We had Confirmation, Sunday, after Mass. The Bishop was very much pleased with the way the people knew the doctrine.

He called at the convent twice and blessed it, and celebrated Mass here yesterday. He presided also at the closing exercises of both schools.

Our little dispensary, which we call the "Sacred Heart Dispensary," opened on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Until that time, I had used one of the rooms in the mission. I have about twenty-five patients some days, besides the calls I make to the homes of those who are too ill to come.

I know you wonder often what we find hardest in our life here. As far as I can see, there is only one trial—not being able to talk. We are learning, and we can say a few sentences, but we long to talk to these people. When a pagan picks up your crucifix and asks questions about it, you long to tell him the wonderful story. Well, it will come in God's own good time.

A Page of Notes.

THE St. Louis School in Hongkong shelters almost fifty more or-less neglected boys, and has been given over to Maryknoll by Bishop Pozzoni.

At the present time, the school is not much to boast of, and there is no immediate prospect of "brilliant success" in the conduct of its affairs.

The problem, however, is an interesting one: namely, to train these boys as good Catholic home-makers, and, at least after a reasonable time, to put the school on a self-supporting basis by finding a market in Hongkong, or here in the United States, for certain articles produced by them. We hope to publish encouraging reports of progress, and, at this stage of initial expense, we would gladly welcome a lift.

The new bishop of Canton, the Rt. Rev. A. P. Fourquet, D.D., of the Paris Foreign Missions, is one of the best-known missionaries in South China, where he has served the Church for nearly thirty years.

Bishop Fourquet is a public-spirited man and very active. He has in recent years been called upon by the civil authorities of

The Maryknoll Brothers have tackled their first big job. It's the Industrial School in Hongkong—\$50 provides physical support for one orphan and moral support for the Brothers.

Canton to manage several of its most important charitable institutions.

Fr. Byrne seems to have made a friend when passing through Japan. We found the enclosed, written by the gentleman, tucked into one of our Korean mission envelopes:

DEAR FR. BYRNE:

Thank you so much for kindness of all you have learned about my present condition. I should believe God will help to me also you would find a position for me if you could. As the recent news, I beg to inform you that misfortunes of Japan:

Burnt houses	290,455
Destructively houses	36,158
Dead people	221,208
Where-about	72,601
Bed injury	90,125
Slighter wound injury	28,480
To stray, boys	544
" " men	527
Above all,	

I am, dear sir,
Yours lovingly,

If the above amuses you, dear reader, it will also interest you; and if it moves you to a substantial remembrance of the unfortunate Japanese, we shall be glad to forward any gift for you.

KOREA CALLS!

In a recent conversation with Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolate Delegate at Washington, His Excellency made keen inquiry about Korea, which until recently was under his paternal eye.

No news gave him more satisfaction than that Fr. Byrne, Maryknoll's representative, hoped soon to purchase land in Peking, the second largest city in Korea; but between you and us, Fr. Byrne needs some money for this purchase because our friends in Korea are not giving land away.

The diocese of Seoul, in Korea, where Fr. Byrne is working, in a district that will later be separated for the American Mission, has a total population of about 8,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 54,000 are Catholics.

The section reserved for Maryknoll contains over 2,340,000 people and about 4,800 Catholics. Its principal city is Peking, on the main railway line—a stronghold of Protestant evangelization.



ST. LOUIS SCHOOL IN HONGKONG.

Where almost fifty more-or-less neglected boys are trained in arts and crafts by Bro. Albert.

THE MISSIONERS' HOME IS WITH CHRIST—IN ANY LAND.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924

THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders
payable to J. A. Walsh, Treas., Maryknoll, N. Y.

**Single subscription,\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

**1924—The leaf is turned and the
page is immaculate. May it register
blessings and graces innumerable with
good acts, kind words, and generous
sacrifices to the credit of us all!**

**THROUGH the will of the Rt.
Rev. Francis Keane, of Pitts-
burgh, a burse has been added to
our list. This chronicles another
priest-benefactor, one of the
many who are making possible
the development of American
Foreign Missions.**

**Our benefactors deserve a thrice-
blessed New Year.**

**ONE of our French exchanges,
publishing recently an article
on mission efforts in America,
summed up activities in the
United States by stating that
“there are at least three semina-
ries—that of Maryknoll, in the
State of Washington; that of
Skranton, in Pensylvanie; and
that of Osininek, in New-York.”
Geography and happenings in the
United States affect many Euro-
peans strangely.**

**Maryknoll missionaries wish to add,
in 1924, five thousand to the number
of their flocks.**

HOSPITAL PROGRESS, in a recent issue, makes a welcome plea for the participation of Catholic hospitals in the mission work of the Church.

The writer recognizes the fact, well proven, that “the mission spirit is a powerful tonic for the Christian life in all its manifestations,” and suggests that Catholic hospitals in this country “adopt” hospitals (or even dispensaries) on the mission field.

The unselfish life is a joyous life.

1907-1924.

THINK of it, dear Subscriber—you especially who have known us for some time—**THE FIELD AFAR** is actually seventeen years old, with the promise of many years yet to go!

Perhaps you noticed a suggestion in the December number that you should make a present of **THE FIELD AFAR** to your friends. And while you thought the idea good, even if not new, you left it to somebody else to work out.

The holiday gift time is almost over, but the New Year is young, and we, of Maryknoll, would be very happy to find an occasion to meet some friend of yours every month, beginning with January.

**How many souls saved will be to
your credit at the end of 1924?**

WE were counting the family recently for a yearly report which we sent to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, at Rome, and we had something of a start when we realized that the family actually includes—all told—441 persons.

This total is made up of 43 priests, 35 Auxiliary Brothers, 89 students in the Major Seminary,

85 students in the Preparatory College, 3 students at the Catholic University, and 186 Sisters, counting professed, novices, and postulants.

Readers, please take notice of our growth, and, by your strong word, add to the circle of our friends.

**Strengthen the Church Militant in
1924.**

MANY of us recall happenings in the year 1897, but few among our readers knew much about Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, who died that year in Lisieux, France. Today there are few practicing Catholics in this or any other country who have not heard of the “Little Flower.”

A volume recently published is full of declarations from various mission fields, testifying to the power of her intercession, and this volume will be, doubtless, followed by many, because the Little Flower was, above all, a missioner. “I have come to save souls,” she said, when only fifteen years of age.

The cry of Our Lord: “I thirst” never ceased ringing in her ears. She thirsted for souls, and her activities in heaven indicate that her desire to be occupied in saving them until the end of the world is being gratified.

**Be back of your soldiers in the fir-
ing line this year.**

MOHAMMEDANS exercise today an active missionary propaganda. Followers of the prophet are found all over Africa, by tens of millions in every part of Asia, and some thousands of them are in the Americas.

To readers who are thinking of expressing practical interest in Maryknoll, we suggest the “purchase” of some land at Maryknoll (one dollar a hundred feet), the setting of some rocks in our Seminary walls (five dollars will make a respectable appearance), or a gift to be applied to the support and training of a student for the priesthood (twenty-five dollars a month).

Z E A L F O R T H E E X T E N S I O N O F C H R I S T ’ S K I N G D O M

In China they number, by recent careful estimates, about eight millions, four times the total of Catholics. They have entered the country quietly without Mohammed's sword and perhaps through discretion are much milder toward non-Moslems than their co-religionists in other lands. In provinces of Maryknoll interests, Kwangtung and Kwangsi, there are about 50,000.

The determination to swell their ranks should give all Christians concern. Their success should humble our opinion of Christian zeal. In India, for instance, while Catholicity gained a million and a half souls in fifty years, Mohammedanism gained six million in ten. A careful authority reckons it to have 20,000 propagators in the East Indies alone. Its field of most menacing advance is Africa.

Bring to the New Year faith, hope, and charity.

FROM Greater Boston—Lowell to be exact—comes an announcement of the first Medical Mission Circle—made up of a group of nurses, as noted on another page. This is news of fine promise, and we are assured that a steady development will mark the history of this significant beginning.

The lack of medical care, with consequent unrelied pain, should appeal to us who live within reach of doctors, and dentists, and medicine men—classified as druggists, apothecaries, and chemists.

And it will appeal—very strongly—as we become more familiar, through the reports of American missionaries, with actual conditions.

When that time arrives, and it has already come for some among our readers, it will be realized that to meet medical needs of the Catholic mission field is not a gigantic task, at all. The Great Sacrifice must, of course, be expected from some; but this will



Mary, Queen of Apostles.

THE time of Our Lady's death is not known, but it is certain that she survived her Divine Son by several years. In this separation from Our Lord, she was the first to "fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ."

Christ willed the consolation of His Mother's bodily presence to all who believed in Him, but more especially to His Apostles. She lived with John. She received Our Lord in Holy Communion from his hands. Her prayers made the labors of the Apostles fruitful. Her love and her faith kept their eyes on "the things which are not seen, and which are eternal."

Can anything we do for God's missionaries seem too much when we remember that the Mother of God was the first, after Christ, to minister to them?

At one a second, reckon the number of souls going to God in 1924.

fall principally on the missionaries themselves. Others, in the homeland, will need only to be thoughtful, prayerful, and nominally responsive to a need that will be increasingly evident.

A layman in China is said to have baptized several thousand pagans—men, women, and children—last year.

And now again for facts. Maryknoll missions just now number T E N. Each is supposed to have a dispensary, but in most of the ten missions, the dispensary is something of a hole in the wall, with a few shelves, poorly stocked.

During the past year, thanks to our readers, several dispensaries were improved and better stocked, especially with bandages.

At each dispensary there should be a trained nurse—two if possible, one for male patients, the other for females.

Maryknoll Sisters will, before long, supply nurses for the women and girls, and Maryknoll Auxiliary Brothers, it is hoped, will do likewise for the men and boys.

But there should be real dispensaries, well equipped, and we stay-at-homes can provide these.

Then, too, there are a couple of hospitals in prospect—not large hospitals, nor such as would be built in small towns in this country.

We are not going to force Chinese patients to adopt needless Western luxuries. This would be a useless expense, but we do wish to give them the benefit of Western discoveries for the relief of physical suffering; and when these hospitals are ready, a doctor, perhaps, too, a *doctress*, will be needed in each.

First of all, however, we must get the hospital and—we should not be surprised to see it come along one of these days.

As already announced, an unexpected gift of one thousand dollars has been laid aside for the foundation, and four thousand more will make the first Maryknoll Hospital a reality.

If you like The Field Afar, you will surely enjoy The Maryknoll Junior.

Every household has its Senior and Junior. Has yours The Field Afar and The Maryknoll Junior?

Loting Prepares for the

ONE of the schoolmasters has reported that several scores of coolies are building a road between Loting and Taiwan, and that other roads connecting the towns of Lintan and Nam-konghau are also under construction. If these boulevards (?) will replace the many toe-paths that now link these important cities, future Maryknollers to Loting will be spared the five-day river trip from Tahking; and, if Fr. McShane's vision of an auto bus running to the West River materializes, the Maryknoll Sisters coming to Loting in future years will not meet with the same sad experience which their Yungkong pioneers encountered this year.

Attendance at Mass, one hundred percent. Several received Holy Communion. The Lord's Day means something to the Christian Chinese.

More excitement! Ten thousand soldiers are reported to be at a village only a few miles from Loting. Another ten thousand troops are said to be coming up from Canton toward Loting. An engagement right here looks probable. Everybody is scurrying to hide his valuables. The pastor has been sought out to find asylum for sundry merchandise, while the Protestant compound is already cluttered up.

There is not a schoolboy to be found at his desk, for they "fear much." All the shops have been closed, for the shopkeepers, as well as the coolies, are often induced into military service as baggage-bearers, the commissary train being a negligible quantity. Just what troops are at this village seems to be a mystery. Some conjecture that these men are the remnant of Sun Yat Sen's northern expedition, while others are of the opinion that they are nondescript Yunnan troops on their way to Yungkong.

At five o'clock this afternoon, amid a blare of bugles, a long queue of soldiers, with all kinds and no kind of uniforms, hopped, footsore, across the pontoon bridge erected by the frightened natives. At their head was a portly general seated in a sedan chair and carried in great state; tagging after him were perhaps five thousand weary, barefooted or straw-sandaled soldiers, instead of the ten thousand, as reported. Some of them, in passing our compound, read the sign, "Saint Joseph's School," but none seemed to recognize it or us, until one of the number left the ranks to genuflect and make the sign of the cross to show himself a Christian. A nearby pagan temple sheltered several companies of the soldiers.

The Catholic soldier came to Mass this morning and to Benediction this afternoon. In conversation with Fr. McShane, afterwards, it was learned that he was from Kiangsi. On further inquiry, we found also that this "bird of passage" knew Fr. McGillicuddy, the American Lazarist up there.

Bugles blowing all day, and some of the soldiers are moving. Evidently Fr. McGillicuddy's former parishioner has tired of military life, for he has manifested a decided preference for the "TinChuTong" (our place).

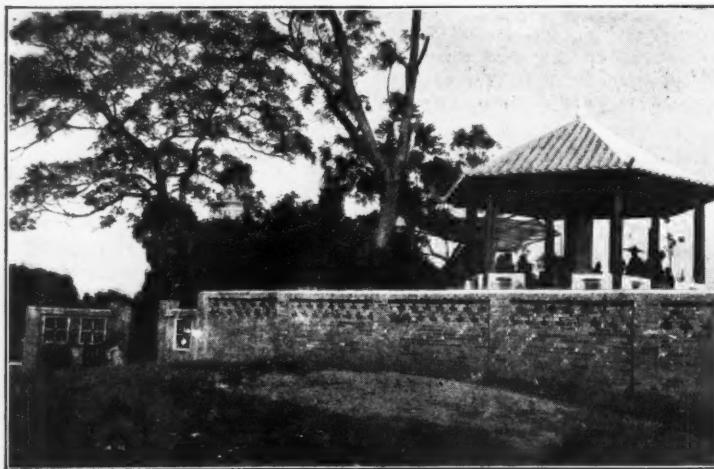
We learned later in the afternoon that he "jumped the league" and was nowhere to be found.

After extorting a large sum of money from the Mandarin and merchants, together with kidnaping a great many coolies, the soldiers left Loting late last night.

More blasting bugles announced the arrival of more bandits and more trouble. With the city gates securely closed and the full quota of the home guard on duty, our town appeared safe.

Since the city gates have been locked and barricaded, the invaders have been at work on a bamboo ladder with the aid of which they hope to scale the city wall. Just after dinner, rapid and heavy gun fire was heard. Through field glasses, Fr. McShane was able to distinguish a sharp encounter near the West Gate. As the excitement increased, we decided to go up on the roof to witness the spectacle, since we ourselves were not in the danger zone and the roofs of the surrounding houses were alive with spectators. After fifteen or twenty minutes of earnest "scrapping," the invaders seemed to be repulsed and retreated.

The robbers came back again last night. At midnight, the citizen-soldiery bethought themselves that prudence is the better part of valor; so they practiced "the spirit of resignation" by laying down their arms and picking up their feet. The Mandarin also abdicated in favor of the robber chief, who immediately took possession of the ya-



A near-by pagan temple sheltered several companies of the soldiers.

CAN YOU GET BETTER VALUE FOR A SOLITARY DOLLAR

Coming of Maryknoll Sisters



As the excitement increased, we decided to go up to the roof to witness the spectacle.

men. The once-bandit captain is now the Mandarin, and his banditti have reformed overnight—the daylight making them respectable soldiers.

One of the babies baptized by Fr. McShane the other day might prove to be leprous, as many of the symptoms of this dreaded disease have manifested themselves. While the white, scaly ulcers are not so plain, the fingers of one hand have been gnawed away to stumps. Although the little one was ordered to be brought over to the Protestant Hospital for proper diagnosis and treatment, the pagan nurses are more or less panicky, refusing to go near the child, and only one Catholic nurse will have anything to do with the afflicted infant.

Building operations on a road connecting Loting with the outside world are not yet completed. Just before the numerous invading armies struck these parts, the superintendent of roads was given \$5,000 to buy "red hair man's dirt"—that is, cement. He took to the road with the money and has not been heard from. Our proposed highway may soon revert to original rice paddies.

Picture a mere man attempting to care for a hundred baby girls! This is the Loting situation—\$5,000 for a convent will put the Sisters on the job. Will you help?

Unless taxes for the years 1928 and 1929 are collected before next fall, work cannot be resumed; so the Sisters coming up to Loting may now plan their junketing party up the West and Three Dragon Rivers.

From one of Loting's many villages or suburbs, as they would be called in the United States, a delegation of representatives came to ask for a school.

Fr. McShane went out to the village of Tungmailon. The hike was exactly twenty-four miles, according to the pedometer, and also the barometer, as it rained all day.

HOW IT COMES.

Please send me a Mite Box. My desk has an unclerical look without one.—*Rev. Friend, Iowa.*

Enclosed please find check—proceeds of Mite Box in office of rectory. Kindly send me another Mite Box.—*Rev. Friend, New York.*

This \$2.50 represents the contents of a Mite Box. It was given to our little son, who is only four years old; and

after we explained what it was for, he took particular delight in putting pennies into it.—*New York.*

Accompanying \$10.39 is the amount received from the Mite Box placed at our chapel entrance.

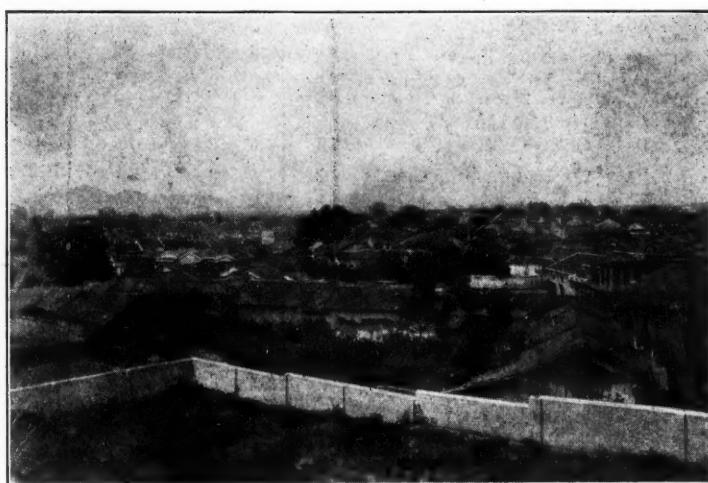
We take this occasion to reassure you of our very great interest in your work, and of our constant prayer for its progress and success.—*New York.*

The enclosed check for \$25.30 is my contribution to The Maryknoll Mite Box placed on my dresser.

The departure of ten missionaries for China and Korea hastened my opening it.—*New York.*

The enclosed check, \$198.28, is from the "sacrifice box" which Mr. B. brought to me to forward to you.

As you will remember, this is the third or fourth "sacrifice box" which you have received from him. It represents, as he told me, "cigars not bought, moving pictures not attended, and other pleasures given up to help God's work in China." Would that we had more men filled with this mission spirit! Mr. B. remarked to me, "Father, if anyone says that it is easy to make these sacrifices, tell them from me, that it is not."—*Rev. Friend, New York.*



View which Maryknoll Sisters will have of Loting, from their compound.

THAN A YEAR-FULL OF FIELD AFARS COMING TO YOUR HOME?

January Jottings.

THREE departures in one year was the Maryknoll record for 1923. The first was that of Fr. Byrne to Korea, by the Circle route, and it took place in January.

The second was the regular September exodus, and was made up of a group of twelve, with the Mother Generalissima in the line.

The third seems to have been only a few weeks ago, and yet the four who left on that memorable day—the *skeedoo* of October—are already over on the other side and getting down to the language grind.

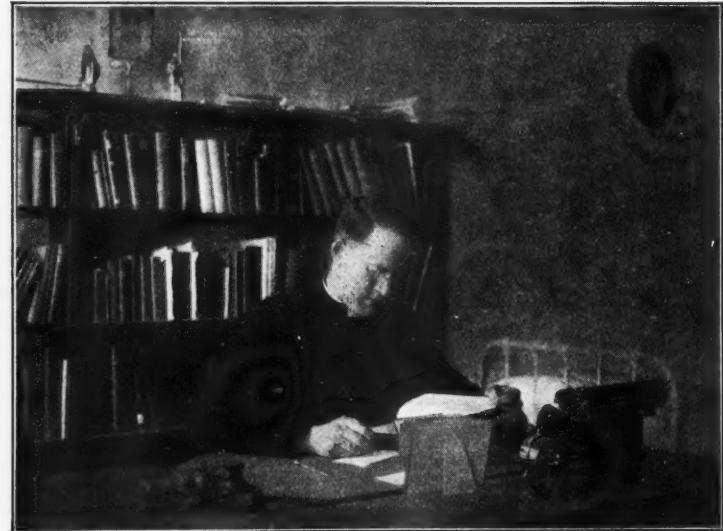
The last mentioned group includes two Maryknollers, Frs. Lane and Morris, whose friends are many, especially in New England, not too far from the Maryknoll base to prevent several from coming to say good-by in person.

Among these were the mothers of both, brave little women, widows too, whose sacrifice was as cheerful as it was generous. God bless such mothers! He surely will.

Other dear friends were there, and the preacher was the venerable Fr. O'Reilly (James T.), O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass., who had known Fr. Lane when that active, young priest was a very small boy. The ceremony was held in the provisional chapel, the future conference hall of the new Seminary, but it was not large enough to hold both communities and the friends of the outgoing missionaries. Had the Benjamin of the group, Fr. Gleason, lived nearer than St. Louis, the problem would have been insoluble.

And now that all three priests and Bro. Isidore are on the field, say a prayer for them, please, that God may give them the grace of perseverance in their apostolic vocation, and many souls as the fruit of their efforts.

Here is a Maryknoller—young though an "old timer" as Maryknoll reckons its brief history.



FATHER LANE.

His life as procurator has been a busy one.

He has been acting as Seminary procurator, which means that he has been procuring whatever was necessary to keep the bodies and souls of seminarians together.

His life, as procurator, has been a busy one and he has met with serious losses of time and hair, but he has kept a good spirit and a whole heart.

He is now on his way to China, after ten years as a Maryknoller. A decade ago, Raymond A. Lane came as a first student for the Maryknoll Preparatory College. Since then his share in the growth of Maryknoll has not been small. During the last three years at the Seminary, as Father Provider, he procured and directed manual labor for the students and Brothers.

To the uninitiated friend of Maryknoll, manual labor is an exercise at which the students officiate for at least an hour every day. It not only gives them an opportunity for additional outdoor exercise, but it brings to light the variety of tinkers and traders we have on our hilltop.

When the old football hasn't a

breath left in it, and the last snowball has melted in the midday sun, the students doff the casock for khaki. Before starting their work, a short prayer, composed by a Maryknoller now in the field, is recited and the laborers go forth. Is a fence, fallen into disrepute, to be mended? Is a field to be plowed, or the barn to be painted? Does the roof leak, or the electric lights flicker? Are pictures to be framed or ditches to be dug? There you'll find them—from California to 'way down East—and each an artist in his line. The best part about manual labor is that the students enjoy it so much that they don't like to hear the bell ring.

During the cold days, before the snow had fallen too deeply, there were a few opportunities for taking all-day hikes. From the top of the Maryknoll hill, at the water-tower, one can see for many miles down through the valley and across the river, to the Jersey shores. Through these roads our hikers go for some distance; then they camp for a while and prepare their own meal.

They may return tired and travel-stained, but always happy. The January mid-year vacation allows many days for this popular exercise.

When the snow becomes so deep that our mail-car loaded down with your FIELD AFAR can only plod along through the country road, the hikers turn to sledding, skiing, and skating. Incidentally, they prove that there is no malaria at Maryknoll.

Meet Fr. Foto! Here he is trying to decide whether he can sell himself THE FIELD AFAR or *Observations in the Orient*. Fr. Foto is staff photographer at Maryknoll, and teaches the art to young apostles. His knowledge of the Chinese language is another valuable asset, and one can hear him occasionally *kow-wow-ing* with his students, in real Chinese fashion. It is hard to say which is heard oftenest, his good-hearted laugh or the click of his camera, but, wherever any activity is in progress, there is Fr. Foto "the life of the party."

Many friends of Maryknoll have caught the idea of giving Maryknoll books, or subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, as Christmas presents. This is a very wise idea, and gives the tired shopper not only a variety from which to choose, but also an opportunity to



WHEN THE SNOW COMES TO MARYKNOLL.
Our mail-car loaded down with your FIELD AFAR.

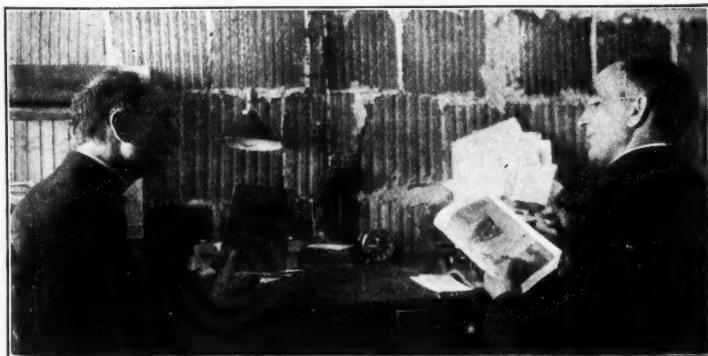
do Christmas shopping early, without any of the fatigue which usually accompanies that operation.

Extra squads of workers are kept busy during the holidays preparing books for mailing, and they seem happy in their work.

On Mary's Knoll, every feast of Our Blessed Mother is a day of joy. Recently, on the feast of her Presentation, a group of

twelve students received the cassock and cincture. Though the ceremony of investiture may seem a simple one in itself, its meaning is deep. The young man who puts on the habit of religion is taking unto himself the armor of Jesus Christ, and, clothed as a soldier under the great Leader, he resolves to turn his back on what the world prizes, and to labor in the interests of his Commander. From now on, his uniform is that of a soldier of Christ. This does not mean, however, that the young aspirant is less united to his family. On the contrary, when he takes on Christ, he signifies his intention to cling closely to His Master, and thus to share His affections with all who look to him for help—and among all, one's own are very dear.

Following the ceremony at the Seminary, a little later, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, two Auxiliary Brothers were invested in the habit, and seven postulants were admitted to the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic. In the same way, the young women signified their intention of putting

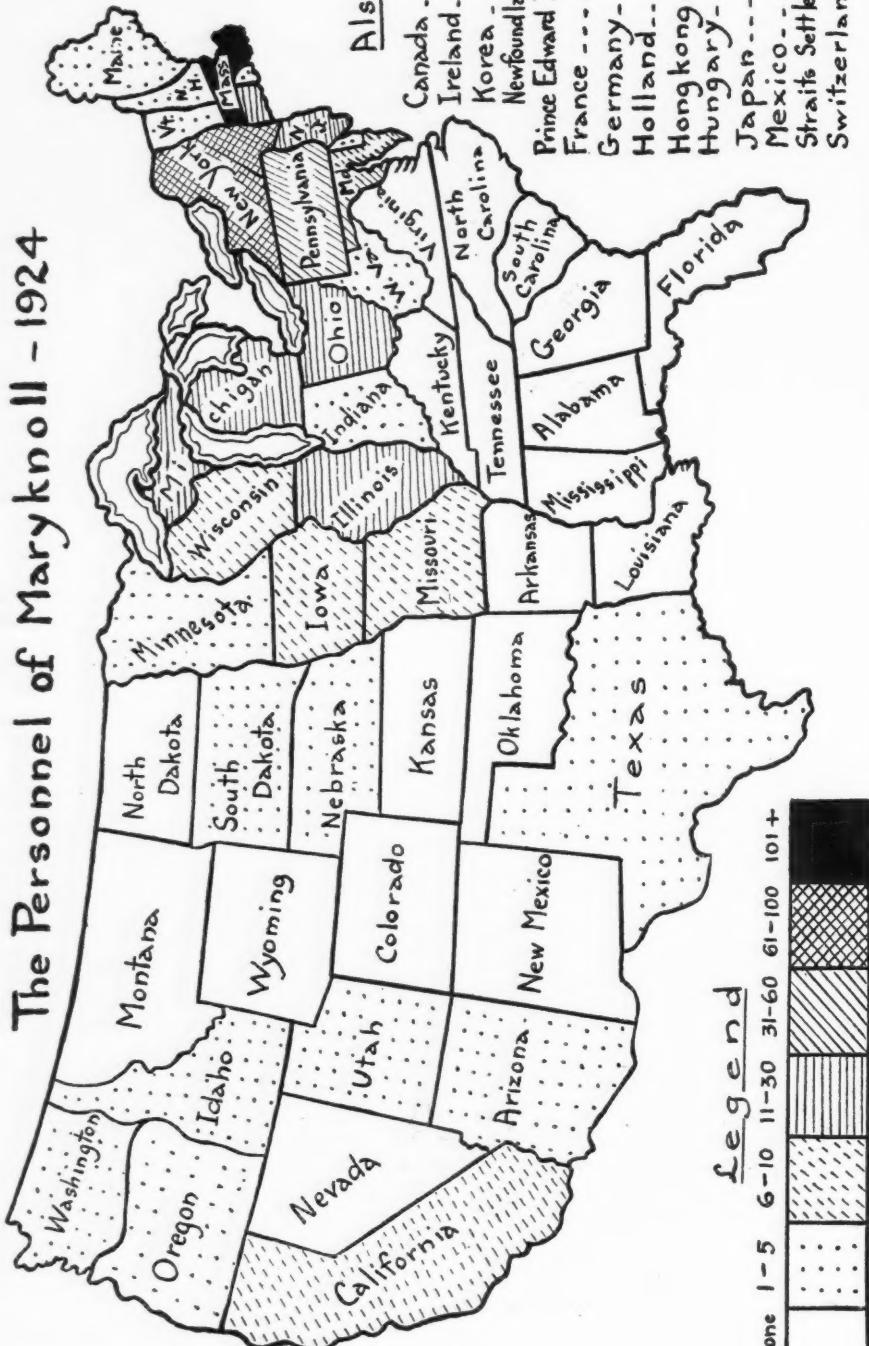


MEET FATHER FOTO!

He is trying to decide whether he can sell himself THE FIELD AFAR or "Observations in the Orient."

B A C K S O M E O N E W H O C A N A N D W I L L .

The Personnel of Maryknoll - 1924



IN THE FAR EAST:

China
Korea

Priests 17
Brothers 3
Sisters 18

IN THE UNITED STATES:

	Priests	Students at Catholic University	Students in Major Seminary	Students in Preparatory College	Auxiliary Brothers	Auxiliary Sisters	Maryknoll Sisters
China	23	3	89	85	31	31	168
Korea							

	Priests	Brothers	Sisters
Canada	6	1	18
Ireland	4	1	
Korea	3		
Newfoundland	2		
Prince Edward Island	2		
France	1		
Germany	1		
Holland	1		
Hong Kong	1		
Hungary	1		
Japan	1		
Mexico	1		
Straits Settlement	1		
Switzerland	1		

Also:

Canada	6
Ireland	4
Korea	3
Newfoundland	2
Prince Edward Island	2
France	1
Germany	1
Holland	1
Hong Kong	1
Hungary	1
Japan	1
Mexico	1
Straits Settlement	1
Switzerland	1

off the things of the world and of dedicating their lives to the work of God for pagan souls. Those who received the habit of the Maryknoll Sisters are:

Miss Eleanor Brennan, of Dorchester, Mass., (Sr. M. Immaculata); Miss Rosemary Gallagher, of Philadelphia, Pa., (Sr. M. Dominica); Miss Emma Harbula, of Newark, N. J., (Sr. M. Florian); Miss Clarisse Mackey, of Pittsfield, Mass., (Sr. M. Beata); Miss Ebe Rizzardi, of New Rochelle, N. Y., (Sr. M. Gonzaga); Miss Elizabeth Walsh, of Pittsburgh, Pa., (Sr. M. Hugh); Miss Dorothy Young, of Butler, Pa., (Sr. M. Daniel).

A few months ago, twenty other candidates came to St. Teresa's Convent as postulants, and these, too, are looking forward to a similar reception in March. At the same time, we learn that there is a "waiting list." The housing problem is a great one, but the Sisters, far from complaining, are waiting until the Seminary's wants are filled before they begin the erection of a convent which will be large enough for all. In the meantime, we feel sure God will inspire some generous friends to help make the possibility a reality.

Christmas, with Midnight Mass, at Maryknoll is ideal. The days preceding are spent searching for the best laurel our wood can provide. Then comes the process of stringing and hanging it. The bare walls of the temporary chapel are festooned, and the whole hilltop is caught with that true spirit of Christmas which seems to abound in places where Christ reigns. The solemn chant of the Divine Office is followed by the Mass in the Seminary Chapel. The Sisters come across the fields, no matter how deep the snow may be, for no one wants to miss Midnight Mass at Maryknoll.

Santa Claus has his place, too, and there is much merriment over the little toys his bounty affords.

Seven Krollers went down to Washington, in late September,



The Sisters come across the fields, for no one wants to miss Midnight Mass at Maryknoll.

to register at the Catholic University, and, since then, their noses have gotten almost flat at the grindstone. The Christmas holidays brought them home in good time for Christmas Eve with its never-to-be-forgotten Midnight Mass, and a week of cheer puffed out their noses and put them in trim for the next grind.

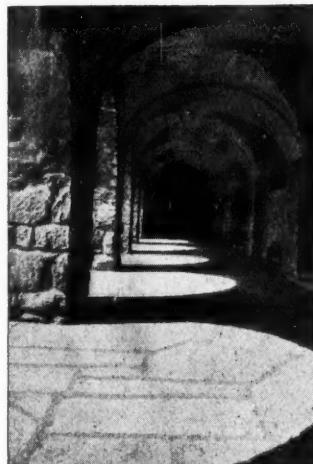
We regret, at times, that we have no place where we can take up a coal collection. We were able to get our coal in before the snow fell too heavily, but the pile

was a great one. There are more houses to be heated now than formerly, and the furnace seems to have a rapacious appetite for fine screenings. With such a cavity yawning to be filled up, the stoker is kept quite well employed. But the days are cold. In the meantime, the coal pile is diminishing and we do not know whether to hope for warm weather or a warm-hearted friend who can provide enough fuel for both of us.

The Tower of Maryknoll mounted well last fall, but it rests incomplete. With the spring-time, two great water tanks will be installed within its walls. These will run into money, but we must have storage and pressure, and the Tower will give us both. The tanks will be protected, but the Tower will remain unfinished until necessary funds are gathered.

We have offered the Tower of Maryknoll to the Catholic Students of America.

Whatever students give this year, unless it is designated for some other purpose, will be applied to the Tower, because we are anxious to have it chronicled for future generations that the splendid Tower of Maryknoll was built by the Catholic students of this generation.



A PORTION OF THE SEMINARY CLOISTER.

Maryknoll En Route.

MARYKNOLL has now recorded its *seventh* departure, and the latest group is already on the other side of the Pacific.

Messages have reached us from Frs. Lane, Fletcher, and Cleary. We quote:

The get-a-way at the Vénard was à-la-Maryknoll, whole-hearted and enthusiastic, and the cheers will be something worth while recollecting in future days.

Our party boarded the train for Buffalo at 11.59 p. m. The trip was pleasant and the whole train crew courteous. We had an interesting chat with a Marist Father from Atlanta. He told the story of Archbishop Curley's vocation to the priesthood, told by His Grace to one of the Marists. The Archbishop was a student in Ireland, with no intention of the priesthood, when he ran across the life of Pierre Chanel. This decided his vocation. Since then His Grace has read the book a dozen times.

A fat, three-year-old from Boston raised a rumpus in the car and insisted on telling everybody where he was from. Self-satisfaction is always suicidal, and a look at Mid-Western progress convinces us that the East is too near-sighted.

In Chicago we met Fr. ——, a priest who counts any sacrifices as nothing, to help a Maryknoller. To recount in detail all he did for us would take some time and would embarrass a very modest young man whose heart is at the Knoll.

Dinner was enjoyed at the Quigley Preparatory Seminary with Msgr. Purcell and the faculty.

"A WONDERFUL sendoff" was the feeling expressed by the four Orient-bound Maryknollers of September, 1923, as they sped toward the Ossining Station, after the Departure Ceremonies. Really it was wonderful, and for Frs. Fletcher, O'Melia, and Cleary, and Brother Michael, it will be something that can never be forgotten. And to think that we all had our parents present made it doubly memorable.

Seven-thirty the next morning found us in Scranton. At half-past four in the afternoon, all priests, students, Sisters, and Brothers assembled in the college chapel for a brief farewell

A good New Year's resolution will be to clean out the jewelry and plate that is no longer serviceable. Send it by parcel post, registered, to Maryknoll, New York.



THE PANORAMA WHICH SPREADS ITSELF OUT FROM OUR HILLTOP.

ceremony. An address was given by Fr. O'Melia, and this was followed by the Hymn of Departure and Solemn Benediction.

After much hand shaking and cheering, we left for Scranton by auto, where we were scheduled to take dinner with Bishop Hoban. Now, if Maryknoll has any better friend than Bishop Hoban, the writer has yet to meet him. After dinner we went into the cathedral for a farewell ceremony arranged by the Bishop. Despite the unsettled weather, many people assembled to wish us Godspeed. About two dozen priests walked in the procession to the altar, followed by Bishop Hoban and auxiliary Bishop Brennan. The Bishop, in his address, sounded a note of welcome and urged us forward with earnest words of encouragement. Fr. Fletcher responded on behalf of the missionaries, outlining the work of Maryknoll, and thanking the Bishop and people for their continued interest in Maryknoll's ever-growing work.

In Detroit, the next evening, we appeared before the hundred or more delegates gathered in Cathedral Hall, for a meeting of the local Units of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The students were keenly interested and we could not help but feel with

Fr. Hayes, the director of the local Units, that Detroit will soon be doing big things both for home, as well as for foreign missions.

On our arrival in Chicago, we went at once for Mass to the Paulist Fathers, who have a church and rectory within a stone's throw of the Illinois Central Station. Fr. Cartwright was supremely kind and indulgent, and made us feel as though we were back at the Knoll. Masses over, Fr. B., Maryknoll's faithful friend in Chicago, called, and brought us out to his rectory for lunch. Luncheon over, he secured a "wagon," as they very popularly call an automobile in Chicago, and we soon found ourselves on a long ride to the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny.

There was much to see at Techny, and, though we had but little time to stay, Fr. Hagspiel certainly guided us to much that was of practical interest, particularly the chapel, museum, and the printing plant. As we came away, we prayed that both Maryknoll and Techny would forever share with each other the splendid good will, aims, and ideas which both now possess, in the propagation of the kingdom of God on earth.

It was about seven in the morning



SEMINARY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, AT TECHNY, ILLINOIS.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924

23

when we landed in St. Paul. We went out to the St. Paul Seminary. Since we had telephoned ahead, everything was in readiness for our Masses. After breakfast we met many of the professors, and to Fr. Cremin especially, we owe much gratitude for his constant devotion and kindness during every moment of our stay. We had lunch at the Seminary and met the president, Dr. Moynihan, who has a warm place in his heart for all Maryknollers.

Lunch over, we motored down to the chancery office with Frs. Cremin and Byrnes. Fr. Byrnes is Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in St. Paul. Here we had an interview with Archbishop Dowling, and, though engrossed in the many lines of his own diocesan work, we found him a keen and deep student of Maryknoll, and very familiar with the names of the Maryknoll Missions in China. We were proud of our opportunity to visit him.

After leaving the Archbishop, we drove out to Nazareth, the new Preparatory College for St. Paul Seminary.

Awoke this morning to the tune of heavy raindrops. Upon arrival in Seattle, about eight, we found Bro. Michael waiting in the station, having come in on the Northern Pacific a few minutes before us. We lost no time in getting to the Maryknoll Kindergarten, where Fr. Fletcher celebrated Mass. Frs. O'Melia and Cleary went across the street to the Providence Hospital.

When we met Mother Mary Joseph and the seven other Sisters bound for China, along with the Kindergarten staff, and Bro. Martin, we thought we were again back at the Knoll. The feeling was delightful. After we had breakfast, Bro. Martin had two of the little Japanese boys put on the boxing gloves, and they gave us an ocular demonstration of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. The youngsters fought with pugilistic animation and—a good time was had by all. In the evening, there was a meeting of the Maryknoll Circles in Seattle.

There was much to see in the "Queen City of the Northwest," built like ancient Rome upon seven hills. The longer one stays in Seattle the more it seems to arouse the admiration and please one's love of beauty. In Pioneer Square, we had our first glimpse of a genuine Alaskan Indian totem pole, sixty feet high, and eight feet broad.

The day when we finally pull away from the homeland—not the Maryknoll group alone, but six Sisters of Loretto, from Loretto, Kentucky; two Sisters of Providence, from St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Indiana; and two priests of the China Mission Society, fresh from the

green sod of Ireland. The Loretto Sisters have generously offered to help the Irish Fathers in their missionary labors at Hanyang, while the Sisters of Providence are to join some of their Sisters already at work in Kaifeng.

Our last day in America—for a while at least—began under very favorable auspices. After Fr. Fletcher's Mass, at half-past six, in the Kindergarten, followed by Benediction, we all went across the street to the Providence Hospital, where Fr. Cleary had the honor of celebrating the first Solemn High Mass ever sung in that hospital.

After a hasty breakfast and the loading of bags and baggage into the machines of kind and patient Seattle friends, we were finally, and really on our way to the steamer *President Jefferson*, the boat destined to carry us to the country of our dreams, the land of our hopes, the field of our labors—The Maryknoll Mission of the Orient.

September 23—Scheduled sailing time, eleven in the morning, at last arrived, and the order for visitors to return ashore was passed around. The many friends who had accompanied us streamed up the gangplank, and gathered on the long deck below. At quarter after eleven, the gangplank was raised, and the paper streamers thrown from the deck to friends below, became the sole material connection between us and the loved ones we were leaving on the shores of U. S. A., as the space between the boat and dock grew from inch to inches, and from inches to feet.

The dock, and the Maryknollers gathered at its very end, as far toward the Orient as they could follow our ship without swimming, grew smaller, smaller, and less distinct, until we could hardly make out the figures upon it. "There they are; see the white scapular!" called one of the Sisters on deck, as the wind caught the grey of one or two on the dock, and flashed the white of the scapular of St. Dominic against the somber background of the crowd, fast becoming but a mist on the horizon.

There they stayed long as the slightest vestige of the departing group remained, and each one of us, I'm sure, echoed in his heart, as he turned from the ship's rail, the "God bless Maryknoll in Seattle!"

Our only regret was that Bro. Martin was unable to be at the dock. Again "Old Faithful" had to go "for the children;" and, for Bro. Martin, all things cede to that duty. Fr. Beglin, of the cathedral, by the way, had rushed to the boat just before sailing time to say good-by—one of many good friends he, whom Maryknoll has in Seattle; such, too, is the cathedral Rector, Fr. Stafford. They have all been kind these past three days.

Requests for the Houses

For Maryknoll Center

Altar—Mass-kits, deacon's stoles, Solemn High Mass sets of vestments.

Clothing—cassocks, surplices, birettas, overcoats, rain coats, khaki garments, trousers.

Furnishings—office—i.e., typewriters, large and portable, typewriter stands, typewriter desks, a long carriage typewriter, electric desk lamps, rugs, tables, screens.

Library—dictionaries, encyclopedias, breviaries (1914 or later).

Manual Labor—tools, hardware, harness (single and double), CRUTCHES.

Recreation—a handball court, ice skates, tennis equipment.

For the Preparatory College

Altar—a green cope.

Outdoors—bell, statue of the Blessed Virgin.

For China

Dispensary—gauze, adhesive plaster, bedding (blankets, sheets, pillowcases).

Library—books on mission topics (up-to-date), spiritual books.

For Korea

Stringless Gifts for Fr. Byrne.

We were due in Victoria in five hours, and, after assuring ourselves and one another that we were actually on our way, a fact difficult of realization, in spite of the events of the past two weeks, we descended to arrange our staterooms and to read the messages which post and telegraph had brought from friends to the boat. We docked at Victoria, after nearly six hours of smooth sailing up Puget Sound with a beautiful landscape to port and starboard in the distant background, a continuous accompaniment. "The *President Jefferson* will sail for Yokohama at 7:30 P. M., September 23," greeted us from a large sign as we stepped to the dock at Victoria. "Three hours to see the city," sounded in our ears.

We did the sights of Victoria, wired a final greeting to Fr. Superior, and were back on the ship, that evening, in time for dinner at quarter after six.

At half-past seven we were promptly off, and, a half hour later, the pilot climbed over the side to the tug below and we were released for real sailing in the open sea.

SEE

ITS

COMPANION

VOLUME—MARYKNOLL

MISSION

LETTERS.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924

The remainder of the evening was pleasantly passed on deck, and steamer rugs did yeoman service till an early retiring hour interrupted our pleasant session of story and song.

September 25—Last night most of us were actually unable to sleep, not alone from the roll and pitch of the vessel, but from the creaking and shivering of, as it seemed, every joint in ye good ship. The waves would crash against the closed port holes with a boom that sounded like far-off cannon. We could feel the ship climb the approaching wave, remain for a moment balanced unsteadily on its crest, and then plunge down into the gulf below. Straight into the wall of water *The President Jefferson* would stick her nose, and then would come the terrible quiver and shake, as of a living thing trying to shake itself loose from the grasp of an over-powering foe. Never before did we realize how strongly a truly sea-worthy vessel must be constructed. She's a good ship, *The President Jefferson*, to have weathered such a night.

September 26—Bright and fair. Five Masses. Four lively youngsters who began to use the Social Hall as a playroom were persuaded to sit quietly and attentively in the congregation. Later in the day, we explained to them what the Mass was and their attention and questions were remarkable. Reminiscences of the departure formed the chief topic of morning conversation. The consensus was that for those at Maryknoll as well as for the immediate families of those departing, the ones remaining behind feel the break more than those going. We want you all back there to know that it's great to be on the way. Have no fear about the day when it will be your time to go. As the Maryknollers who preceded you, you, too, will fold up your tents and be off into the night, with a tinge of sorrow, no doubt, but that far overshadowed by the joy of battle, the realization that your lifework for Christ has, in a very special manner, actually begun. May God grant all to experience that joy, is the wish and prayer of your brothers going ahead!

September 29—Feast of St. Michael, the Archangel; and it brought to us all keen imaginings of what was transpiring among the Auxiliary Brothers, especially at the home Knoll. Be assured we were there in spirit. We offered Mass for our Maryknoll Brothers, their works, and intentions.

The ship's log, as posted today, shows we are about one-half the way from Victoria to Yokohama—Victoria 2,033 miles; Yokohama 2,155 miles. The nickel bands on the tables in the dining room, whose function it was to hold the tablecloths on the tables and to prevent the dishes from sliding to

the floor, were removed at breakfast this morning, a good sign for those wishing for clear weather. It is interesting to note that the tables were kept sprinkled with water during the past couple of days, it being easier to keep dishes on a wet tablecloth—one of the many joys of rough sea sailing.

October 2—A later bulletin announces that passengers will be permitted to land at Yokohama with the permission of the American Consul, and health conditions are reported fair.

Today is the feast of the Guardian Angels and we trust that our Masses offered this morning in their honor, will keep them close to us through the day and throughout the journey.

Fr. Cleary spent a very profitable afternoon with Dr. Edward H. Hume, of the Hunan-Yale College of Medicine, and Mr. Toledano, an Italian lecturer of last evening, in an illuminating discussion about photography and cameras. It seems our Italian friend is also a camera expert, and the collection of photos which he has, taken by himself in all sections of the world, proved most interesting. Dr. Hume had with him a little movie camera, put out by the Ica Co., of Germany, called the Kinamo Motion Picture Camera, and sold in New York City for \$135. It takes seventy feet of standard size film, and is a little gem of compactness—size about nine, by seven, by four inches.

October 4—The Feast of St. Francis of Assisi. Five Masses as usual this morning, thank God. We are coming daily to realize more how much the Mass must mean to the missioner who is deprived of the privilege of the Blessed Sacrament, except during the short period from Consecration to Communion. The day would be empty, indeed, without our morning Mass.

Saving souls is not the exclusive work of priests, Brothers and Sisters.

WE who plead for help to organize Maryknoll, experience many gratifications, and what follows we do not wish to be set down as a complaint. It is stated rather to invite suggestions from interested friends. Here are the points, and first of all:

Remember that THE FIELD AFAR has half a million readers.

Point 1.

Last year we made eight appeals in THE FIELD AFAR for student cooperation in building the tower of our new Seminary, which will cost sev-

eral thousand dollars. We have received up to date \$301.38.

Point 2.

On several occasions, we have offered as Memorials, classrooms in our College and Seminary; also a chapel in the College. No classrooms have been taken, and the future Vénard chapel awaits a benefactor.

Keep in mind that we reach half a million readers.

Point 3.

Twice last year we suggested the idea that parishes at home adopt mission catechists; and that hospitals in this country back small dispensaries on the field. Nothing has come of this, so far.

Point 4.

A full page in the Midsummer Number was given over to the call for new subscriptions. Fifty responses came, but

Recall those half-million readers.

Point 5.

We cried from the house tops, in two issues, for help to build a new convent for our Sisters at Yeung-kong, whose health we wished to safeguard. Result: \$10. Cost: \$5,000.

We did likewise for a second mission at Loting, but so far—"nary a copper." And yet

We have half a million interested readers.

Now we confess the above failures, if you look on them as such, simply to emphasize the idea that most of our friends seem to think that somebody else will surely meet the desired need.

If it is a real need, it is usually met, but only by robbing Peter to pay Paul and keeping a worthy work from advancing as it should.

We shall be glad, then, if the New Year resolutions include one to give more than moral support to Maryknoll; in which event, we suggest, as the simplest and most practical kind, what we have characterized as a "Stringless Gift."

Maryknoll-in-Seattle

OUR kindergarten is steadily growing in numbers, and now registers a daily attendance of about sixty pupils.

Two Sisters of Charity from San Francisco, who were at the Vancouver dock to bid "Bon Voyage" to Sr. Xavier Berkley, called on their return trip and brought welcome messages from Sr. Xavier, and regrets that final sailing arrangements would not allow for a stop-over at Seattle. So we missed seeing this veteran missioner who has thirty years of service in the Orient to her credit.

Five Sisters of the Holy Ghost, from Techmey, Illinois, en route to Lipa, Philippine Islands, visited us before sailing, and we had the pleasure of "seeing them off" on the *S.S. President Madison* of the Admiral Oriental Line.

It isn't always "good-by;" so once again Maryknoll was at the dock to greet Bishop MacGinley from the Philippine Islands, who was welcomed to Seattle by His Lordship Bishop O'Dea,

I am very glad the book on Father Price was printed before those who knew him well had passed away. He was a priest after God's own heart, so to speak, because his whole aim in life was to do what he could to serve his Master. I think it was providential that he went to China and died there. His spirit will call across the Pacific to kindred spirits here in America, who will be animated and inspired by his noble zeal.

✠ Michael J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton.

represented by Fr. Stafford, rector of the cathedral. Bro. Martin escorted the Bishop's bag and baggage to the episcopal residence.

Sunday morning, Bishop MacGinley, accompanied by the Rev. Theodore Ryan, chancellor of the diocese, called and entertained us with interesting reports of our last mission group on their arrival at Kobe.

Some Franciscan Missionaries of Mary also favored us with a call and enjoyed their visit to the kindergarten where the children entertained them with songs and games.

The two Maryknoll Circles held a

joint meeting at the convent, a few nights ago, and were merged into one. Plans were made for a Rummage Sale to take place next month, and the following officers were elected for the year: Mrs. C. H. Ouellette, president; Mrs. Elizabeth O'Brien, vice president; Mrs. Anna MacMillan, treasurer; Miss Mary Thornbury, secretary.

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles

THE flock, which had been scattered during the summer months, has been rounded up at the fold, and separated into cages—kindergarten to seventh grade.

Sr. M. Principal has about two hun-



AT PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

"Not a Maryknoll group alone, but six Sisters of Loretto, and two Sisters of Providence snapp'd with their friends just before sailing for China."

TO HELP A MISSIONER IS TO SHARE HIS REWARD.

dred forty lambs to shepherd, and she says, "The more the better for us all." That's true. Mobs are dangerous to handle sometimes, especially those with beards, but when it comes to a "mob of wild hyenas," we give them all the room they want and tell them they're welcome. Doesn't it show that St. Francis Xavier's is a popular school? Aren't the parents getting to like us more and more? There was only one draw-back the first week, getting to know names and faces; but now the teachers and pupils can say one of the other: "I know mine and mine know me."

Four or five gentlemen of St. Joseph's parish, who had volunteered their services for little jobs, were requisitioned this afternoon; and we all went down to school, put a new roof on the old shed which will serve as an overflow for the kindergarten, made a sandbox for the babies, and did a few other jobs while the doing was good.

Father starts catechism classes for the children from the fourth to seventh grade.

Out in the sacristy, where all the Japangels kneel during divine service, one boy angel, or maybe a girl angel, insisted on cooing while the others sang. It wasn't distracting at all. What difference does it make, anyway, so long as the Master didn't complain. Indeed, for all we know, the youngster got credit for a good prayer, for our Lord told us long, long ago that perfect praise came out of the mouths of infants. And do you recall also that He warned us to become like them?

Sisters report a growing list at school and they are hinting for the third story. The Brothers are to start in on night school courses offered them by the Knights of Columbus. Bro. Charles will devote two hours to auto-mechanics, and Bro. Théophane the same time to English and typewriting. These are the classes of their choice and they are glad of the opportunity.

Maryknoll-in-Scranton.

THE first term of our scholastic year has ended, with examinations just before the holidays. Examinations are not regarded as the most pleasant feature of school days, either by students or professors. But the professors are the ones who really have a right to complain; for what is less enjoyable than going through a long list of papers, and finding that one's lectures, which were one's pride and which seemed so very lucid, have failed to make the desired impression on the boy mind! Still, examinations are wholesome, for nothing is more calculated to bring about a spirit of hu-



HARVESTING ICE AT MARYKNOLL'S PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

mility; and no virtue is to be more esteemed in a priest. So we have them, even though we do breathe a sigh of relief when they are over. (Not many casualties are reported!)

Much has been accomplished in the term just past. The new curriculum, carefully worked out, has been put into operation, and the classes have profited accordingly. All agree that the Vénard is giving itself strongly to the great purpose at hand, the making of suitable foreign missionaries, and it is doing college work of a grade which is a credit to the Society to which it belongs.

The farm crops were all gathered in before the frosts, and now are being used. We did not plant a large acreage of potatoes, on account of our sad experience of last year, but what we did plant have yielded exceedingly well—plenty of them and of good quality. Of garden vegetables, we cannot raise all we need, owing to the impossibility of securing all the labor necessary during the growing season. We have only a short time between frosts, in this region, and that time coincides almost exactly with the vacation time; so our efforts are handicapped in this direction. Perhaps some young gardener who reads these lines will feel that he should like to help in "feeding the hungry" (Vénard). If so, let him enroll under the banner of the Warrior Angel, St. Michael, and fight weeds. If he will send in his application to the Superior of Maryknoll and ask to be admitted to our splendid but altogether

too small band of Brothers, he will be warmly welcomed.

The unusually fine weather which stayed with us during the autumn months made hiking a pastime which was indulged in frequently. Almost every "free day" saw a crowd, knapsacks on backs, trudging off to some of the near-by objectives, and enjoying the exercise in our keen mountain air. These excursions have been notable factors in keeping the health of the student body up to the standard.

We have already referred to our tree-planting, which was also helped on by the fine weather. The principal work of this kind was the beginning of the grove which will border "the priests' walk" in that future time when this "walk" will become a reality. When this shall be depends upon the generosity of our friends who will make possible the erection of the rest of our main building. This is much needed in order that we may take care of the increasing number of candidates who apply for admission. Then, too, we need the added space for all sorts of things—an adequate indoor recreation room is almost a necessity for inclement winter days, but we haven't one. Will not some wealthy benefactor take notice? Or if the wealthy one won't, we are confident that many who have the good will but who have not been blessed with so large a share of this world's goods will get a Vénard Brick Card and help out with their donations, however small. Do it now, while the year is young, and maybe next New Year, at least part of the addition will be in sight.

The Corporation title of the Venard—our preparatory school—is the **MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE**.

By The Way.

AMONG the New Year resolutions, here is one for those of our readers (we hope that all are included) who say the beads:

When you get to the end, go back to the cross, with an Our Father, three Hail Marys, and a Glory be to the Father, etc., and offer this supplemental prayer for all Catholic missionaries.

On the invitation of the Students' Mission Crusade Unit, Fr. James E. Walsh, Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in China, spoke recently at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester.

The Provincial of the Belgian Fathers in the Philippine Islands writes that circumstances are unusually favorable for the development of successful evangelical work.

What became of all the Mass-kits used by our chaplains in the late World War. Are they being kept as curios—or have they been lost in the closets?

We can promise usefulness for them, should they come up our way.

One hundred and fifty copies of THE FIELD AFAR go every month into the bookrack of St. Mary's, the Paulist Church in Chicago.

What splendid possibilities this fact reveals to us, of Maryknoll, who would scatter seed broadcast in this land of ours.

A priest, far to the west of us, urges a branch of Maryknoll in his section of this great country and adds:

"There are many vocations going to seed here, as all over the country, for the simple reason that they are not sought out and nurtured."



THE LATE FATHER BEUKERS,
OF MILL HILL.

IN MEMORIAM.

In 1911, I met him, in Holland, a bright, young priest who had been teaching at Rosendaal, the Philosophy House of the English Foreign Missions (Mill Hill). I had quiet work to do and the empty Seminary was appealing. Every morning, in that peaceful week, I met the young professor, Father Beukers, at recreation, and listened much to the music from his cello, which he played well.

Eleven years later, I found him, bearded, in white cassock and helmet, in the dock at Madras, India; and I soon learned, to my edification, of his splendid activities and his saintly life.

God called him recently, and I feel sorry for his venerable bishop, for his other superiors, for his fellow priests, for his family

and for his flock, but God knows what time is best, and Father Beukers is fortunate. Say a prayer for his soul that it may the sooner receive the fullness of the reward.

With the Maryknoll calendar, there went out to each of our friends a Maryknoll Mite Box. This we hope will be a silent reminder of Maryknoll needs.

While we are gratified, not to say flattered, by the fact that you "read THE FIELD AFAR from cover to cover" and while we value above all else any spiritual advantage you may derive from its pages, Maryknoll benefits very little (perhaps to the extent of a dime) from your yearly subscription. If you are surprised at this statement, show a copy of the paper to any printer and ask him what he thinks of the price.

With this thought in mind, and with the further statement that from all organized mission-aid societies combined we receive, as yet, no more, in one year, than enough to keep our family of 441 alive for a week, you will see that we must look to our friends for the sustenance and development of this work. Fortunately, some consider us as their representatives, and are even grateful for the opportunity to strengthen our arms.

With every subscriber a real friend, Maryknoll will go ahead in 1924. So don't lose sight of that Mite Box, and don't slight occasional appeals.

The Catechist is quite as indispensable to a missioner in China as a teacher is to a man's children in this country. Some parents are capable of teaching their own children, but few would have the time.

If a priest on the mission were to act as Catechist, he could accomplish very little. Keep this in mind when you note the occasional appeal. The support of one Catechist at one hundred eighty dollars a year, is a most desirable form of mission help.



Maryknoll Medical Missions

MEDICAL missions have received recognition in a hopeful quarter, the Catholic Hospital Association, which, at its latest session, named a committee to discuss means of strengthening the medical activities of Catholic missions.

The Committee turns to the Students' Mission Crusade as its inspiration and suggests special attention to students at medical colleges and to those now training as nurses.

We have good reason to look for results, as the Committee members are tried men, who made sacrifices to discuss the situation.

In the meantime, Maryknoll asks for one hospital to godmother a small dispensary.

The Catholic Registered Nurses, of Lowell, Massachusetts, have formed the *Nurses Mission Guild*.

This movement originated in St. Margaret's Parish, whose pastor, the Rev. Charles J. Galligan, has strongly encouraged it.

The plan is to band together Catholic nurses into a society that will study particularly the medical side of mission work, with a view to lending special aid in that field.

In many mission countries, scarcely anything is so important as medical work. Diseases of all sorts are rampant, and ignorance of cures is quite complete. The present situation is most timely for those who would enlist on Christianity's side that strong concrete persuasion so often employed by the Divine Physician.

The nurses of Lowell are ambitious. Already they think of a hospital that some day will minister to the teeming millions on the Maryknoll Mission. They picture it, however, not as an immediate creation, but as a great

future goal of present work and sacrifice. This is well. The hospital cannot come too soon, but sacrifice makes a good cornerstone and we can afford to wait for it.

We signalize modest beginnings as one of the most important developments of our entire work. May the Divine Healer prosper the nurses of Lowell in their zealous efforts to extend His work!

MARYKNOLL MISSION HOSPITAL NO. 1.

It looks now as if we can discern on the horizon Maryknoll's first hospital, although not a line has been drawn, nor a spadeful of earth turned, nor a brick laid to give the idea actuality.

An interested reader, over on the Pacific Coast, has laid the foundation by the generous gift of one thousand dollars. We must now build on this foundation the sum of five thousand dollars, and every dollar will be an addition.

If interested, mark your gift "For the hospital."

FROM BRO. JOHN, AT TUNG-CHEN, TO THE MARYKNOLL COMMUNITY.

DEAR BROTHERS AND STUDENTS, AND RECTORIAN:—

I am sure all the boys are happy to be back at their desks again, although the Vénard boys may, for a while, find the step from their Preparatory School to the Seminary remarkably high and difficult.

At the beginning of a new year's work, one usually reviews the ground last covered. Therefore, I think it timely to send you a report of what this dispensary has to its credit for the past year.

Much of its success, I feel sure, is largely due to the lively interest taken by the students in its many needs, and for this I thank them:

Patients treated free of charge, at the dispensary	8,957
Patients treated in their homes ..	30
Patients lodged and cared for in the dispensary	28
Baptisms administered in the dis- pensary	12
(all of these cases died)	
Baptisms administered on sick calls	8 plus

The expenses for the year were as follows:

For medicine and medical supplies	\$720.00 gold
For wages to dispensary assistants	20.90
Given as alms to destitute patients	18.23
	\$759.13

The receipts for the year included:

Money received from friends, through Maryknoll	\$690.00
Money received in our poor box	11.20
Gifts from patients—chickens..	15
eggs (dozen). .10	

Betel nutsUncounted

Even though we lack everything that goes to the making of an American dispensary, still we are very grateful for our one small room that enables us to minister to these poor afflicted people.

The nearest hospital is a Protestant institution a hundred miles away, and no treatment is given there free of charge. These people are too poor to be benefited by such institutions. Everywhere you go, you meet little mothers with afflicted children. Sixty per cent. of the mothers are the victims of tuberculosis, and most of the children have skin diseases. It is pitiful to see the scanty nourishment given these babies. The mothers first chew a few grains of rice and then give it to their little ones. The many defectives—cripples and idiots—are outcasts, and, being unable to care

The healing hand often opens the way to a man's soul. A Medical Dispensary can be built for \$1,500—and supported for \$200.

for themselves, are left to starve. There are no government institutions to take in these unfortunate; at present, there is no government.

On coming home from retreat, I passed a line of twelve men tied together with clothes line. They were poor farmer boys who had refused to join the army. The soldiers go from place to place, looting every shop they pass and setting fire to whole villages. They seize upon any laborers who cross their path to carry their baggage. When these are unable to go farther, because of fatigue and weakness, the soldiers shoot them, and, untying some of the men in the reserve line, make them take up the dead men's burdens. Two of Fr. Meyer's men met with this sad fate. At one place on the road, I saw the remains of twelve men who had been thus inhumanly executed.

The soldiers themselves are

starving as they have received no pay for a long time. The rich have fled to safer places; the poor farmers have locked themselves and all their belongings—every pig, dog, cow, and chicken—in their unspeakably-close quarters, for every bit of live stock left at large becomes the food of the pillaging soldiers. I had to close the dispensary today for it is reported that a thousand soldiers, coming from Kochow, will be here tomorrow, and they are a hard lot with which to deal.

Not a man, woman, or child is to be seen on the street. All have fled to the mountains. Many will die of starvation, but that death is preferable to the cruel treatment they would meet with at the hands of these ruffians.

Our medical and missionary work here calls for asylums for defectives, dependents, and delinquents; hospital for the crippled and diseased; and orphanages for the hundreds of innocent

babes who, because of blindness or other misfortune, are thrown into the river. Of course, the dispensary is an absolute necessity, for the unsanitary conditions of life, in these parts, make con-

tagious diseases the prevailing rule; and by having recourse to the saving supplies and treatment of a dispensary these poor people can escape infection and wasting disease. So keep on sending medicines, hospital supplies, old linen and cotton for dressings, surgical instruments, and a few cents to buy rice for the poor.

The Spirit that Counts.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to do this [a gift to our medical work]. I'm a trained registered nurse, and I have had experience in helping poor souls who never would have had the least spiritual consolation if God had not inspired me to offer to these dying patients some few words about His great love and mercy. To give my life to such a worthy cause would be the realization of my heart's desire—but I'm in no wise worthy of such a calling. Would to God I were!"

—Chicago.



BROTHER JOHN WITH SOME OF HIS PATIENTS.

Afflicted children.

The fallen arch.

A blood poisoning case.

LET OUR ADVERTISERS KNOW THAT WE ARE WORTH WHILE.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924



News from Circles with Interest in Maryknoll.

Maryknoll sends greetings for a
Blessed and a Happy New Year!

We wish to make 1924
A Circle Year.

Now a Maryknoll Circle is a simple organization that will not take much time nor interfere with parish activities. A few friends united are enough to begin with, and not many are required to "keep it up."

If interested, write to:

The Circle Director,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

The New Year brings firm resolutions to attain utopia. May we suggest that our Circlers resolve to continue the good work of the past year. Our motto is: "Not more but better."

A GLIMPSE AT OTHER CIRCLES.

A recently formed Circle in Framingham, Mass., donated \$135, the proceeds of a Whist Party.

Seventy-five dollars for the support of one of our missioners was donated by St. Helena's Circle, N. Y. C.

St. Gertrude Guild, Lowell, Mass., a new Circle, composed of graduate nurses, is taking a keen interest in the support of one of our dispensaries in China.

The St. Joseph's Maryknoll Circle, N. Y. C., held a very successful party. This Circle was recently formed and the members have taken over the support of a student, \$300.

The members of the Maria Mission Circle, of Holyoke, Mass., have been very generous in their interest in Maryknoll. During the past year, they have

given several hundred dollars to the Maryknoll Sisters.

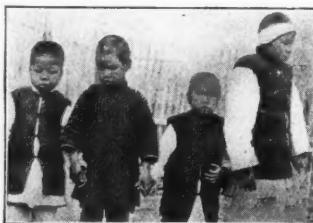
The Immaculate Conception Circle, comprised of six individual Circles, held a "Kitchen Shower" for six consecutive nights, allotting one night to each Circle. The Seminary kitchen shelves will no longer look lonely.

A stringless gift of \$500 reaches us labeled for "The two Patricks in Korea." This is a thank-offering from a member of St. Joseph's Circle, N. Y. C. A very substantial gift, we say, and one that will bring joy to the hearts of others.

The parishioners of St. Leo's Church, Dorchester, Mass., through their pastor, contributed the sum of \$1,600. This offering was given for the purpose of erecting a chapel in memory of the Rev. Dennis J. Lynch who was a curate for several years at St. Leo's Church.

The members of St. Rose of Lima Circle, of New York City, mend all the surplices for the seminarians. Recently they donated twelve new surplices. Besides sewing, they have given a Room in the Seminary, \$500, and the support of a student, \$300. They frequently present us with boxes of home-made soap.

One of our missioners, a grateful recipient of a sorely-needed winter outfit, wishes to extend his gratitude to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Circle, Lawrence, Mass., the St. Francis Xavier Circle, Philadelphia, Pa., Our Lady of



LET'S JOIN HANDS!
Blind children at Yeungkong.

THERE are Maryknoll Circles in twenty states, but for a national work every state should be represented. So come along, Oklahoma!

the Maryknolls Circle, New York City, and the St. Francis de Chantal Circle, of Brooklyn.

"What do the Maryknoll Circles do for you?" writes a priest-friend. The question is a good one and here is a list of activities just now registered:

- adopt missioners
- contribute to Burses
- contribute to Convent Fund
- contribute toward Maryknoll dispensary work and other activities on the mission field—chapels, convents, schools, orphanages, catechumens, leper huts
- give donations to special missioners
- provide altar and household linens, and supplies
- provide departure expenses of a missioner
- ransom Chinese babies
- secure Memberships in Society—perpetual and associate
- send Christmas boxes to missions
- send Mass intentions
- sew for Maryknoll and provide clothing for missioners
- supply altar wine to two missioners
- support a catechist
- support a Maryknoll student, or a native student
- take a Memorial Room in Seminary
- supply many Stringless Gifts.

WELCOME TO OUR SERVICE!

The following Circles have just made their appearance on the stage of our endeavor, and seem promising subjects for the future: Mission Circle, New Bedford, Mass.; Maryknoll Circle No. 2, Dorchester, Mass.; St. Edward's Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.; Maryknoll Circle, Oneonta, N. Y.; Mission Circle, Cleveland, Ohio; Maryknoll Circle, North Arlington, N. J.; St. Monica's Circle, Passaic, N. J.; Rosary Circle, N. Y. C.; Mary Carroll Guild Circle, N. Y. C.; Causae Amores, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Young men wishing to join our Venard Club apply at 1085 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOIN MARYKNOLL CIRCLE'S' CRUSADE OF PRAYER

THE FIELD AFAR

Our "Thank You!"



To all our Benefactors:

A Happy New Year filled to overflowing with choicest blessings and graces.

WELCOME were the gifts in money and in kind, the old jewelry, the subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR* and to the *Maryknoll Junior* which came from:

Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Canada, China, Cuba, England, France, Hawaii, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Wales.

The Completed Diocesan Burses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yeungkong Fund, II	1,826.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00
Holy Spirit Fund.....	100.00

Pray for these souls:

Mother M. Stanislaus Hughes, Mrs. Julia E. Higgins, Cornelius Minihan, John Coloran, Mrs. Artimise Cruson, Joseph Galleghar, Jennie Lynch, Francis McCeney, Margaret Lambert, Alice R. O'Connell, James Woods, John F. Brosnan, Mr. Burdick, Robert R. Langdon, Joseph Paschang, Edward O'Neil.

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

A PURSE without strings is not a very desirable commodity, but a gift coming to us stringless is doubly welcomed—as a gift, first, and, best of all, because it is stringless. We have many irons in the fire, all of which are more or less important; so when an undesignated gift comes, it gives us a little less difficulty in meeting some of our crying needs. Recently we have had evidence that others recognize what a stringless gift at Maryknoll may accomplish, and we wish to thank friends who have sent such gifts, totaling nearly five thousand dollars.

The missions have not been forgotten, and special gifts have come through individuals and Circles for Sister Mary Magdalen's mission and Bro. John's hospital work. From Dorchester comes the gift of \$1,600 for a mission chapel.

Is your name Patrick? We promise Korea as a hopeful field if you join us. Some friend of the patron of Ireland was impressed with the fact that Frs. Patrick Byrne and Patrick Cleary are working together in Korea, and sent \$500 "for the two Pats, God bless them."

Priest-friends, always faithful, have shown again their thoughtfulness of us—in the will of one, provision has been made for a \$5,000 bursa; and a stringless gift of \$200 comes to us from the estate of the late Rt. Rev. James F. Kearny, of New York City.

Seminarians have not much money to burn, so when we receive a substantial gift from any group of young men who are preparing to do God's work, we know that it represents sacrifice, and this makes it doubly acceptable and pleasing. St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., has proven this fact in their recent gift to Fr. James Edward Walsh.

BURSES A-BUILDING.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodgings, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College. The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse	\$4,807.09
St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	4,766.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse No. 2	4,573.18
The Most Precious Blood Burse	4,141.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved)	4,000.00
All Souls Burse	3,998.41
St. Patrick Burse	3,845.99
Curé of Ars Burse	3,556.10
St. Anthony Burse	3,420.06
Trinity Wekandui Burse	3,293.53
St. Anne Burse	3,241.50
Holy Eucharist Burse	3,075.50
N. M. Burse	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse	2,610.06
St. Philomena Burse	2,605.00
Fr. Chaminate Memorial Burse	2,443.80
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Burse	2,222.76
Father Chapon Burse	2,173.50
College of St. Elizabeth Burse	2,105.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,071.89
Marywood College Burse	2,032.10
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse	2,000.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse	2,000.00
St. Michael No. 2 Burse	2,000.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse	1,898.05
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,897.60
St. Dominic Burse	1,734.07
Pius X Burse	1,729.25
Mother Seton Burse	1,712.25
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,543.98
Dalulh Diocese Burse	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	1,357.75
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth Academy) Burse	1,163.50
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse	1,160.23
Omnia per Mariam Burse	1,120.75
St. Agnes Burse	973.76
St. John Baptist Burse	943.11
St. Rita Burse	698.15
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	689.63
St. Lawrence Burse	646.25
St. Michael Burse	641.50
St. Francis Xavier Burse	613.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	506.03
St. Joan of Arc Burse	424.01
St. Bridget Burse	340.00
Holy Family Burse	339.00
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse	324.00
Children of Mary Burse	284.05
St. John B. de la Salle Burse	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse	228.50
St. Boniface Burse	217.40
The Holy Name Burse	190.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse	183.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse	150.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse	138.50
All Saints Burse	138.28
St. Jude Burse	131.00
Archbishop Ireland Burse	101.00
Bishop Molloy Burse	100.00

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Burse	\$4,334.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	4,001.19
Anonymous Diocese Burse	3,000.00
Holy Eucharist Burse (Reserved)	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	1,608.80
"C" Burse II	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse	647.50
St. Michael Burse	632.32
Immaculate Conception Burse	106.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1924

The latest monthly addition of new subscribers is 14,872—with the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and California leading. And, oh, if we did not have to take out some thousands of stencils every month, how happy we should be!

St. Leo's Church, Dorchester, Mass., has sent, through the Diocesan Office of the Propagation of Faith, a gift of sixteen hundred dollars, in memory of the late Rev. Dennis Lynch, assistant pastor.

A fine gift this, and timely, as it will be applied to the Mission Center for which Fr. J. E. Walsh, the Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in China, has been gathering in the Boston Archdiocese. It begins now to look as if that diocese whose reputation for generosity to the missions is world-wide, will practically establish the first Maryknoll Mission Center in the Far East.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living:—Rev. Friends, 3; C. J. W.; M. D.; M. A. C.; M. H. L.; M. McM.; R.; H. C.; J. J. T.; L. M. McE.; R. G. and family; C. M.; R. E. W. and family; E. C. A. T. F.; A. B. R.; J. E. A.; W. A.; J. B.; C. A.; L. F. C.; A. E. C.; A. C. G.; M. G.; F. K.; B. C.; R. C. D.; J. V. D.; F. J. D.; M. M.; P. H. W.; H. R. and family; C. B.; Mrs. J. M.; J. D.; J. L. S.; B. M. L.; A. M. E.; F. S.; E. D.; M. A. M.; C. J. D.; L. D.; J. D.; M. F.;

E. H.; B. H.; T. S.; M. L. O'H.; F. D.; F. M.; M. O'D.

Deceased:—Charles A. Emise; Mrs. Percy C. Espley; Edward and Bridget Tower; Hannah Lynch; Michael McKague; Wendel Hodapp; Catharine Sullivan; Margaret A. O'Malley; Edmund Hartnett; Wilhelmina Gutnecht; John D. Phillips; Elizabeth Perier; Thomas J. Coman; Ellen Craigh; James Feenan; Elizabeth Gallagher; Michael A. Kelly; Katherine and Bernice Doyle; Owen Riordan; Matthew and Bridget Quillan; Philip and Margaret Finnegan; John V. Delany; Eileen R. Delany; Alice R. O'Connell; Clarence Bair; Roddy Barrett; Edward Burns; James Maye; Daniel Murphy; Martin and Margaret Loughney; Thomas Ford; Patrick Brown; William J. Shaughnessy; John F. Dwyer; Harriet Hobbs; Andrew and Mary Zabrocki; John O'Hern.

No one need think of giving new jewelry to Maryknoll, but our desk is always ready for the emptying of a box of old odds and ends that have finished their course.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give, bequeath and devise to the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC., a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of New York,

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to have and to hold unto said Society forever, for the purposes for which it is incorporated, or for any other purpose which it may hereafter be authorized to accomplish.

Books Received.

Saint Joseph's Sheaf. A Missionary Magazine. Browne and Nolan, Limited, Dublin, Ireland.

Dominus Vobiscum. By Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D. Matre and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.

A Study of the Constitution of the United States in Questions and Answers. By James V. Harwood, A.M., 4106 Bridge Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Piper of Hamelin. A Romantic Comedy in three acts. By Flavian Larbes, Friar Minor. Frederick Pustet Company, Inc., Cincinnati. \$60.

The Selwyns in Dixie. By Clementia. Matre and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.

Ignatius Loyola. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

The New Year will be what we make it. Come joy! Come pain! God's Will is all.

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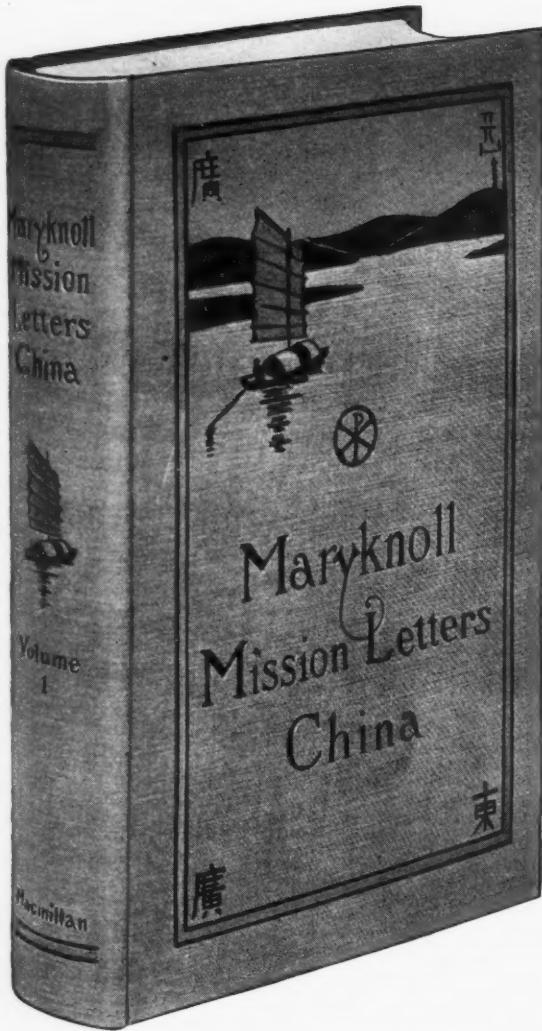
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Read what His Excellency, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate, kindly says in the Preface:

The story told in the following pages is of unusual interest to me, since it has been my privilege, as Apostolic Delegate to Japan, to come into close contact with Catholic mission life in the Far East. With many, too, in Europe, as well as on the mission field itself, I have watched with ever increasing satisfaction the development in this country of the mission spirit, which is so signally exemplified by the work of the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll.

Letters from the Maryknoll Missions have given to the bishops and priests of the United States, as well as to its laity, a picture of mission life which should redound to a marked increase of interest and zeal in this holy work. I believe that the printed record of these letters will do incalculable good, not only for the cause of the missions, in which our Holy Father and all Catholics worthy of the name are interested, but also because mission activities notably react in blessings to the homeland.

I heartily welcome the appearance of this book and wish it God-speed.

✠ P. Fumasoni-Biondi,
Abp. of Dioleia,
Apostolic Delegate.

Washington, D. C.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, Maryknoll, N. Y.

N. B.—Through an error, this book was listed at \$2.50 in an earlier advertisement. Our readers will agree, when they see the volume, that it is worth not only the \$3.00 we must ask for it, but a great deal more.

